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THE LIBRARY



VISION OF MIRZA.

"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively."



LONDON: DARTON AND Co., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

TALES,

Moral and Instructive,

OF

ORIENTAL ORIGIN OR CHARACTER,

WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS, HISTORICAL AND SUGGESTIVE.

ILLUSTRATED AND COMPILED BY

GEORGE MEASOM,

AUTHOR OF

THE OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED RAILWAY GUIDES.

THE DESIGNS FOR THE ENGRAVINGS BY KENNY MEADOWS.

LONDON :

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P R E F A C E.



RECENT changes in the taste of the British public in almost every pursuit, have passed since the production of the several Works from which the contents of this Volume are derived, and it may be remarked that the reading taste of this utilitarian age has led to the neglect of those efforts of genius that contributed to the amusement and instruction of our fathers:—the names of Addison, Hawkesworth, Steele, and other of our essayists, are now rarely mentioned. The *Rambler*, *Idler*, *Spectator*, *Bee*, &c., are seldom to be met with on the shelves of modern collectors of books. The reason for this may be found in the fact that the larger portion of the contents of the works alluded to, is devoted to the correction of the evils of society, that no longer exist in those particular phases. Still the British Essayists have many lessons of wisdom, in the form of tale or fable,

which are applicable to all time ; and, amongst them, are some of Oriental character, generally clothed with the gorgeous imagery of the East, and they thus serve to exhibit the power of our native language, to convey a life-like picture of the habits and manners of the Arab and the Moslem. The taste that prevailed for reading only what was useful and profitable having wearied, the appetite of the great mass of the public sought relief in stimulants which the French school of Dumas and Sand, with its numerous imitators, readily supplied ; and, as happily in most cases, when left to themselves, the people get right at last, the vendors of this mental poison have begun to find it a losing trade.

Recurring to those fountains of truth from whence, in our early days, we drew draughts of inspiration, and our memory dwelling on the interest with which our mind was impressed with the fate of imaginary heroes and heroines, as well as the golden dreams of happiness and splendour, which the fairy palaces and exhaustless treasures of the East presented to our imagination, we have in this Volume selected a few of those moral narratives, in the belief that the youth of the present day will look with favour on those delights of our own boyhood.

The whole of the Tales are the productions of European authors, and they embody all that ingenious fiction, splendid imagery, and supernatural agency, skilfully introduced, which characterise all really Oriental stories ; and,

like them, convey morality, not in the austere form of imperative precept and dictatorial aphorism, but in the more pleasing shape of example. Let us, however, not be misunderstood ; we do not desire to depreciate the efforts of those who approach the hearts of the young by the direct road ; but, knowing by experience, there are many who seek to while away the passing hours of leisure in the gardens of fiction, we venture to hope that this attempt to strew flowers in the paths of truth, will not be thrown away. There is a morality of idea not arranged in a system of principles in regular order, but the result of lessons, examples, and accidental associations of pleasure and pain, acted upon by events or narratives that have impressed us with admiration, pity, or indignant resentment, which, in conveying to us moral truths, have so impressed them on our hearts that they have become indelibly fixed there.

CHARRINGTON-STREET, ST. PANCRAS,

November, 1856.

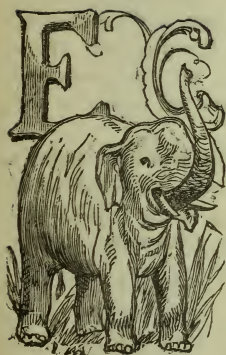
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I.

The Vision of Mirza.



ENGLISH literature, throughout its whole range, possesses no writer of which the country has so great cause for pride as the author of the piece with which our volume opens.

Joseph Addison, the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, a clergyman of great learning, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1672, his father being at that time the rector; he afterwards became the Dean of Lichfield. At the age of fifteen Joseph was sent to Oxford, and in two years obtained a scholarship in Magdalen College. He gave early proof of poetic talent in some translations from the Latin. His first effort in English verse were some lines to Dryden, written in his 23rd year. Some complimentary verses to Lord Keeper Somers and King William III., were means of procuring a pension of 300*l.* a year, and, thus provided, he set out on a tour to Italy. The death of the King, in 1702, depriving him of his pension, he returned to England. The "Victory of Blenheim" was deemed by the Ministry deserving a poem to celebrate its glories, and Addison was applied to; the result was, "The Campaign," a poem of nearly five hundred lines, which so gratified the Minister, Godolphin, that he appointed the author to a Commissionership.

In 1716 Addison married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, but the union was not a happy one. The year succeeding he was appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State. He died at Holland House, June 17, 1719.

In connection with Steele he was engaged on the "Tatler," but the work by which Addison has immortalised himself is the "Spectator," of

which, out of 635 papers, he contributed 274. As an English prose writer he is unsurpassed, and his merits need no other testimony than the emphatic summary of Johnson—"As a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand, perhaps the first, of the first rank. As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed; all the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument are employed by him to recommend to the reader his real interest—the care of pleasing the Author of his Being. Truth is shown sometimes as a phantom of a vision; sometimes appeared half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

The "Vision of Mirza," which is an excellent specimen of the author's style, is the 159th paper of the "Spectator;" and, as a comprehensive picture of human life, it is unequalled by anything in the English language. The difficulties that beset us here, and the rewards and punishments of everlasting life are eloquently delineated.



THE VISION OF MIRZA.

The cloud which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er the eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove —

—VIRGIL, *ÆN.* II.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to spend the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music who had passed by it, but never heard that the

musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence that is due to a superior nature ; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life ; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those

that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I beheld it : “ but tell me further,” said he, “ what thou discoverest on it.” “ I see multitudes of people passing over it,” said I, “ and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.” As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them ; but often, when they thought themselves within reach, their

footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that invest human life."

"I here fetched a deep sigh: "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on a man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal

parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it : but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. “The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them ; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, Oh ! Mirza, habitations worth contending for ? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence ? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.” I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I,

“ Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.” The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me : I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating ; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

Of the mighty capitals of Eastern splendour that the Oriental story-tellers describe in their glowing language (save only Damascus) Bagdad alone retains any actual existence ; it is still a large city, and the metropolis of the extensive pachalic that bears its name.

The external appearance of the city does not disappoint the expectations which may have been formed from eastern history and romance. It stands in a forest of date trees, which conceal the meanness of its buildings from the approaching stranger, but allow such glimpses of the splendid minarets and domes as prevent him from suspecting the ancient glory of Bagdad has entirely departed ; but the interior miserably disappoints the expectations which the exterior may have raised. The streets are narrow and tortuous, unpaved, full of inequalities, occasioned by the deposits of rubbish, and rendered disgusting by dead carcasses and all manner of filth.

It exhibits scarcely any remnant of the gay and romantic splendour of the Court of the Caliphs—not a vestige of their palaces remain, nor of many of their costly edifices, when Bagdad was the capital of the Mahometan world. The chief existing monuments of that period, are the gates and towers, which, even in decay, far surpasses any of modern erection. The tomb of Zobeide and some minarets remain.

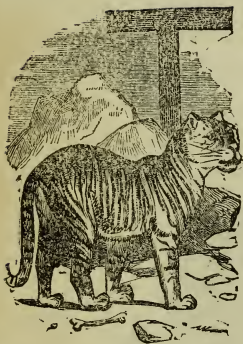
There are, however, some residences of the wealthy inhabitants, whose internal decorations present a striking contrast to the filthy and beggarly aspect of the streets; the walls of the state and family apartments are profusely decorated with gilding and painting; inlaid mirrors and the coloured glass of the windows contribute to make the impression stronger.

The whole surface of the country is flat, the banks of the river alone having any elevation; the mountains exist only in the writer's imagination.



II.

Isdlallah.



HIS story is one of the PERSIAN TALES, translated from the French, by Ambrose Philips. Philips was a friend of Addison's, and the tale is quoted in the 578th number of the *Spectator*. Addison had previously bestowed praise on Philips' "Pastorals," and his tragedy of the "Distrest Mother." Philips died of palsy, 1749, in his 78th year. The story is thus introduced :—

"There has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking, intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, contends that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which this personal identity of sameness.

"The doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, forms a part of the belief of many nations. The Hindoos, especially, believe that the souls of men pass after death into different bodies, either of men or animals, unless an individual has lived a most holy and religious life; in which case his soul is absorbed into the divine essence. The migration of souls from one body to another, also formed a leading feature in the Pythagorean doctrine; it was a part of the Egyptians' religious system, and it is very probable that Pythagoras learned the doctrine in Egypt; he, at any rate, was the first who taught and supported it among the Greeks; and, the more strenuously to maintain their chimerical system, he declared that he recollected the different bodies which his soul had animated before that of the son of Mnesarchus. He remembered to have been Aethalides, the son of Mercury; to have assisted the Greeks in the Trojan war, in the character of Euphorbus; to have been that of Hermotimus; afterward a fisherman; and, last of all, Pythagoras."

FADLALLAH.

The embodied spirit flies—

And lodges where it lights in man or beast.—OVID'S METAM.

FADLALLAH, a prince of amiable disposition and great virtue, was the son of Ben Ortoc, the King of Mousel. As soon as he arrived at his 20th year his father was desirous he should take a wife; and, agreeable to the custom of the country, presented a number of beautiful slaves for his choice. Fadlallah looked upon them all with indifference, and surprised his father by his insensibility. He told his father he did not feel any inclination towards matrimony, and desired to travel; he conjured his parents' permission for leave to go only as far as Bagdad, and that upon his return he might feel himself disposed to settle with a wife. His father, unwilling to lay any restraint upon him, consented to his making the journey to Bagdad; and, that he might appear in that great city like the son of a king, ordered a magnificent equipage to be prepared, and a hundred of his guards for an escort.

The prince and his train set out for Bagdad; and one night, when encamped in a meadow, they were attacked by a ferocious band of Bedouins, and, after a severe contest, in which vast many were slain, the Bedouins retreated, but returned in increased force at daylight. Overpowered by superior force, the men of Mousel were slain; and, on the prince being about to share the fate of his attendants, he cried aloud, "Hold, rash man! respect the blood of kings, I am Fadlallah, only son and heir of Ben Ortoc, the King of Mousel." "I am glad of that," said the Arab chief, "we have long borne a mortal

hatred to your father ; he has slain several of our companions who have fallen into his hands, now we shall take our revenge in your person."

The Bedouins conveyed their captive to their tents, at some distance ; and, on the second night, learning that some merchants with immense riches were expected in their neighbourhood, they all departed, leaving the prince bound to a tree, near the tent of their chief.

The wife of the Bedouin chief had compassion on the unhappy Fadlallah ; unbound him, and told him, if he had strength to escape, she would set him at liberty. She directed him the path he should take to avoid his captors. Early in the morning he descried a man with a horse laden with two great packs. He told his story ; and, knowing nothing of the country, he asked the man where he was going. The merchant said he was going to Bagdad to sell his goods, where he hoped to arrive in two days. At the close of the second day they reached Bagdad ; and the prince, feeling the pangs of hunger, placed himself at the lower window of a large mansion, and craved alms in the name of the Prophet. A slave came without, and relieved him with a loaf of bread. Fadlallah began to eat it, and satisfy his hunger, when, on looking up, the wind blew the curtain of the apartment aside, and revealed to his view a young lady of dazzling beauty. Ere he left, Fadlallah learnt that the owner of the mansion was Muffaak, the son of Adbaak, a man of rank and remarkably rich. The prince departed, and met with a rabble, who were pursued by the officers of justice. Seeing an unknown person, the officers seized the prince, and conveyed him to the Cadi. The Cadi interrogated him, and Fadlallah replied to all his questions, save that he did not disclose his birth. He even related the charity he had received at Muffaak's house, and the charming

young lady he had by accident seen there. Now the Cadi had a quarrel with Muffaak, and determined to put a cheat upon him for revenge. He therefore took Fadlallah aside, and told him, if he desired the possession of the lady who had so captivated him, he, the Cadi, would enable him to do so.

The prince was accordingly taken into the Cadi's house, and attired with great splendour. The sly old Cadi then sent a message to Muffaak, desiring to see him; and, on his enemy's arrival said, "Heaven has designed we should live in enmity no longer, for an occasion has arrived for a reconciliation: the Prince of Bassora has arrived at my house; having heard of your daughter's great beauty, he has come to demand her in marriage." Muffaak, although somewhat astonished, after some further deceptive explanation from the Cadi, desired an introduction to the prince; and, making a profound reverence, saluted him as the son of a king. The marriage was solemnised with all the appliances that haste would allow; but early the following morning the villainous old Cadi presented himself at the nuptial chamber with the tattered dress the prince wore on his arrival at Bagdad. Much distress and sorrow did the announcement make on the fair Zemroude and her parent, but in the end the false Cadi was discomfited by the prince being enabled, through an officer from his royal father's household, to prove his princely rank. He then, with suitable attendants, with his bride returned to Mousel; and, at the death of his father, succeeded to the throne.

He reigned over his faithful subjects, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort, Queen Zemroude; when after some time there appeared at his court a young Dervise of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the

prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so ; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that everything he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men ; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first offices in his kingdom. The young Dervise, after having thanked him, with a very singular modesty desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation ; and, though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him, however, his chief companion.

As they were one day hunting together and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervise entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, " It was in this place," said he, " that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brahman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature ; he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man." The king, immediately reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold. " No, Sir," says the Dervise, " it is something more wonderful than that ; it is the power of re-animating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it."

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the

heart,—telling the Dervise that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was re-animated. She came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the Dervise recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend, by everything that was sacred, to communicate it to him. The Dervise at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brahman; but told him at last that he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him, therefore, by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous Dervise, conveying his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, but the king, perceiving his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

The Dervise, now triumphant in his villainy, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new-acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by re-animating the body of a nightingale, which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace; where, perching on a tree which stood near his queen's apart-

ment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued, however, to serenade her every morning, until at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature into her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken : and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the Dervise enter the apartment and caress his queen even in his presence.

The usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale : and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the

shape of a nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion ; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

Her women immediately sent for the Dervise to come and comfort her ; who, after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints, " Well, madam," says he, " I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before." The queen beheld him with a look which easily showed she did not believe him, when, laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap-dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and, running to the cage, with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the king, entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

The body of the Dervise, which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt the truth of it ; but the story adds, that Zemroude was so highly afflicted at learning the deception practiced towards herself, that no arguments, even from Fadlallah himself, could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his forgiveness with her latest breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

The King, overcome by the loss of his beloved consort, announced his intention to resign the throne to his nearest relation, Amadeddin, who used every argument to change his resolution, but in vain. He replied—"Take possession of the throne, and may you prove more fortunate than Fadlallah. Rule over a people who know your merit, and who have been so happy under my sway. I bid adieu to pomp and titles, and shall retire to some distant clime, and there, in a life of privacy, free from the cares of empire, give myself up to dwelling on the happy hours I passed with my beloved Zemroude, soothe my afflictions by that sweet remembrance, and prepare my soul for joining hers in mansions of bliss.

As there has never been a *kingdom* of Mousel, we conclude the author adopted the name of the city so named as the locale of the story. Mosul is a large town of Asiatic Turkey, on the Tigris, and was once a place of considerable trade, as it is on the high road from Aleppo and Asia Minor to Bagdad. It formerly had numerous manufactories; and Marco Polo says that muslins first took their name from Mosul, where they originated. It has a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Christians, and at present contains about 50,000 inhabitants. The town is surrounded by a wall, and the interior has all the aspects of an eastern character, the streets being narrow and unpaved. There are about thirty mosques, several bazaars, and numerous coffee-houses and baths. On the eastern bank of the Tigris, nearly opposite to Mosul, lies the buried City of Nineveh, which has recently been brought to light by Mr. Layard's labours. On a hill in the neighbourhood is a mosque, which the people of the country say, covers the remains of the prophet Jonah. Under Nadir Shah, this district was a possession of the Persian monarchy. Mosul was the chief town of Mesopotamia.

III.

The Talisman of Oromanes.



HIS tale is from the "Tales of the Genii," a collection which, for many years was highly esteemed. They purported to be translated from the Persian by Sir Charles Morell. They were, however, ascertained to have been written by the Rev. James Ridley, a descendant of Bishop Ridley, the martyr : his father was the rector of Romford, and he succeeded to the living. He was educated at Winchester, from whence he was admitted at New College, Oxford. He held the appointment of chaplain to the forces at the siege of Belle-Isle, where he laid the seeds of a disorder which terminated his life in February, 1765.

Under the similitude of a dream, certainly of some duration, but, to Oriental narrators, not improbable, a beautiful lesson is conveyed in the history of the merchant Abudah. Endowed with riches almost beyond the dreams of avarice, with wife, children, and friends, still he was not a happy man—one thing was wanting, that should be a talisman against all the ills of fortune or unquiet. The solution of this secret and its maxim is applicable to all nations and ages ; the precept it enforces is equally fitted to the Christian as to any worshipper of the one true God and Mahomet's followers :—

That true happiness on earth is only to be found in knowing and doing the will of our Great Creator, and in the practice of active beneficence.

Now, with respect to benevolence, or a desire to advance the welfare, or to mitigate the misfortunes of others,—it is a disposition so congenial to our nature and so suited to our condition as dependent creatures, so forcibly recommended by the Christian law, that it is needless to enlarge upon it as a duty. St. Paul tells us how we "ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

THE TALISMAN OF OROMANES.

IN the centre of the quay of Bagdad, where the wealth of the whole earth is poured forth for the benefit of the faithful, lived the fortunate Abudah, possessed of the riches and merchandise of various nations, caressed by the mighty, and blessed by the indigent ; daily providing for thousands by his munificence, and winning daily the hearts of thousands by his charity and generosity. But, however magnificently the days of Abudah might be spent, his nights were the hours of disturbance and affliction. His wife was fairer than any of the daughters of Circassia ; his children were lovelier than the offspring of fairies ; and his riches, which were greater than his desires could consume, were unavailing to drive from his imagination the terrors of the night, for no sooner was the merchant retired within the walls of his chambers, than a little box, which no one might remove from its place, advanced without help into the centre of the chamber, and opening, discovered to his sight the form of a diminutive old hag, who, with crutches, hopped forward to Abudah, and every night addressed him in the following terms :—" O ! Abudah, to whom Mahomet has given such a profusion of blessings, why delayest thou to search out the Talisman of Oromanes ? the which, whoever possesseth, shall know neither uneasiness, or discontent ; neither may he be assailed by the tricks of fortune or the power of man. Till you are possessed of that valuable treasure, O Abudah ! my presence shall nightly remind you of your deficiency, and my chest remain in your chamber of repose." Having thus said, the hag retired into the box, shaking her crutches, and, with a hideous yell, closed herself in ; leaving the unfortunate merchant on a bed of doubt and anxiety for the rest of the night.

The unwelcome visitant thus repeating her visits, rendered the life of Abudah most miserable and fatiguing. He did not dare to tell his grievance, lest the strangeness of the adventure should rather move the laughter than the compassion of his friends. At length, however, wearied out with the importunate taunts of the hag, he determined to open his mind, and one day, when feasting in his saloon, surrounded by friends, he asked publicly if any one could give him an account of the Talisman of Oromanes, or the place where it was preserved. To this question he could get no satisfactory answer; all had, indeed, heard of its virtues, but every one despaired of finding it. Exposed to the upbraiding of his nocturnal hag, Abudah knew not what course to steer in pursuit of the appointed treasure.

The next day, he caused it to be cried publicly in the streets of Bagdad "that Abudah the merchant would give much riches to the man who could inform him where the Talisman of Oromanes was lodged." This declaration was made for many days successively; but no one appeared to satisfy the inquiries of the impatient Abudah.

After many days, a poor traveller, who had been spoiled of his goods by the Bedouins, passing through Bagdad, heard the publication, and immediately offered to go before Abudah, and make known the place where the Talisman of Oromanes was preserved. The friends of the wealthy merchant joyfully carried the poor traveller to the palace of Abudah, and, with great tumult, introduced him to the merchant, who was sitting on a low sofa, and seemed entirely indifferent to the music which played before him, the dessert of elegancies which was prepared for his food, and the caresses of his wife and children, who endeavoured, by their tenderness and affection, to divert the gloom that overshadowed him.

“Abudah!” cried his friends (lifting up their voices together), “behold the discoverer of the Talisman of Oromanes!”

At their voices, the afflicted merchant looked up, like one awakened from a dream.

“This,” said his friends, presenting the poor traveller to him, “this is the man who will engage to point out to you the Talisman of Oromanes.”

The traveller was now about to begin his relation, when Abudah, having eyed him round, commanded the apartment to be cleared, that no one but himself might enjoy the discovery. His family and friends obediently departed; and the traveller, being left alone with the merchant, thus began his tale:—

“Your fortune and attendance, O! wealthy citizen of Bagdad, allow of your search after the Talisman of Oromanes; but to the poor and needy, to the outcasts of fortune, no such happiness is permitted: they may, indeed, wander and examine, but the talisman is for ever shut up from their search; for infinite are the expenses which attend the discovery, and large the rewards which must be given to them who help the inquirer forward in his adventure after the sacred talisman. Myself, Oh, merchant, have slaved through life to obtain a sufficiency for that great end and purpose; but since the Prophet has repeatedly blasted my designs, and reduced me to my original state of want, I must endeavour to wean my affections, and rest contented, though unblest.”

“But, my friend,” said Abudah, “you neglect to inform me where I may find or purchase this heavenly talisman.”

“It is lodged,” replied the poor traveller, “in the Valley of Bocchim: princes are its guardians, and it is treasured up amidst all the riches of the earth. You cannot obtain admittance there, unless you go loaded with every variety that is

costly and expensive ; which you must present to the Genii who keep a watch over this earthly paradise of riches ; and if your present be not sufficiently costly, your labour is lost."

"I have," cried Abudah, rejoiced to hear the talisman might be obtained by riches, "nine thousand acres of pasture around the rivers of Bagdad ; I have twelve thousand estates of fruits, and oils, and corn ; I have twenty-two mines of the finest diamonds, and six hundred vessels which fish for and produce me the most costly pearl ; I have, moreover, eight hundred warehouses, and four hundred store-rooms, filled with the most precious bales of silks and brocades ; besides these, the fortunes of nine viziers, mortgaged for an hundred years, and all the beautiful slaves of Circassia, are at my disposal."

"Oh, happy, happy Abudah !" interrupted the poor traveller : "thine then, and only thine, is it to purchase a passage into the Valley of Bocchim."

"If so," continued Abudah, overjoyed at the poor traveller's exclamation, "direct me instantly to the entrance of the valley."

"Alas, Sir," answered the traveller, "it is in the Deserts of Arabia, seventeen days' journey hence. Besides, your presents are not ready, nor your guard, lest the Arabs spoil you of your riches, and prevent your application at the entrance of the Valley of Bocchim : but if you will permit your servant to direct you in the choice of the presents, some of which will take much time in preparing, by the next spring you may set forward, and speedily find an issue to your journey."

Abudah acquiesced in the arguments of the traveller ; and, having given orders that he should use as he pleased his immense riches, he gave himself entirely up to the meditation of the intended journey. The poor traveller, having sufficient

powers, disposed of the riches of Abudah, to purchase the necessary presents; and hired five thousand archers to accompany the wealthy caravan of the merchant into the Deserts.

The appointed time being arrived, and everything prepared, Abudah, took a tender leave of his wife and family, and began his journey with the poor traveller to the Valley of Bocchim.

On the ninth day of the third month, ere the sun was risen on the mosques of Bagdad was the sumptuous caravan drawn up in long order through the streets of that city, which Abudah beheld from his windows.

Five hundred archers, mounted on the fleetest coursers, led the van; behind whom were twelve thousand oxen, thirty thousand sheep, and two hundred of the finest horses of Arabia. Next to these, came six hundred men armed with pole-axes and scimitars, with silk banners displaying the blessings of pasturage and the utility and convenience of cattle for the service of man. After these were driven two hundred camels, laden with all manner of dried and preserved fruits; a thousand more with all sorts of grain; a thousand with the richest wines; and five hundred with the most pure oil; five hundred more with spices and perfumes; and behind these, a thousand armed husbandmen, singing the Blessings of the Earth, burning in censers the most costly perfumes, and bearing flaxen and silken banners, representing the Seasons and annual Labours of Husbandry.—These were of the first day's procession.

The second day's cavalcade began with five hundred miners, armed with sledges and hammers, whom a large car followed, drawn by twenty strong oxen, having within it all the implements of iron; and above, in the upper part, an hero, who

commanded the armed men in the whole procession. Then came five hundred artificers; and after them a car drawn by twenty mules, with the implements of lead, and a curious artizan on the top of the car, singing the uses of metals. Behind these came five hundred more artificers, with their different tools, and a car drawn by twenty horses, with cast figures, statues, and implements of brass, and a cunning artificer on the top of the car. After these followed a thousand artificers in silver, and a sumptuous car of solid silver, drawn by fifty unicorns, and laden with plate and silver coin; also, a hundred camels behind, laden also with silver; and on the car sat the steward of Abudah. At a small distance from these came forward a thousand men armed cap-a-pie, after the manner of Saracens, and behind these followed, on sumptuous mules, five hundred of the principal foreign merchants, richly habited, with the emblems of Commerce curiously wrought in their garments, accompanied by an enormous car, drawn by four elephants, laden with golden emblems and devices, with great quantities of that precious metal—the car also was of beaten gold. Into this, taking leave of Abudah, ascended the poor traveller, arrayed in purple and gold, and pointing, with a gold rod, toward the valley of Bocchim. And these completed the second day's procession.

On the third day issued forth from the gates of Bagdad the final procession of the caravan of the merchant Abudah. A thousand archers began the ceremony, preceded by a martial band of music, and bearing among their ranks fifty silken streamers interwoven with gold, and having the emblems of Abudah's family wrought in their centres. Next to these came fifty carriages, laden with the richest silks and brocades, and two hundred surrounded the carriages, arrayed in the different habits of two hundred nations; after whom came fifty

negroes on dromedaries, bearing about their necks strings of the most costly pearl. After these, a thousand armed soldiers, after the European manner, who, at a small distance, were followed by a hundred mutes, behind whom came, in two hundred palanquins, as many beautiful slaves from Circassia, each guarded by four eunuchs, and clad in the richest robes.

The next in procession was the merchant Abudah, drawn in a chariot of pearl, of the most curious workmanship, by ten milk-white steeds, whose trappings were of gold. As to the garments of the merchant, nothing could be conceived more magnificent ; but the splendour of the jewels that were interwoven with the clothing exceeded the most lavish description : on each side the chariot a hundred musicians attended, and fifty slaves burning the choicest perfumes ; various splendid banners waved around him, and two hundred friends behind, of the highest rank in the city of Bagdad, attended the illustrious and wealthy Abudah ; after whom a thousand archers, and numberless camels, laden with all manner of provisions, water, and wine, brought up the rear of this magnificent cavalcade.

On the thirteenth day they halted in a plain, bounded on the side with lofty mountains, and at the farther end with a deep forest of cedars and palms. Here the poor traveller, descending with Abudah, walked forward toward the forest before them.

The traveller led Abudah into the forest, through thickets, almost impervious, save the blind path which guided them forward. In this manner they passed till the evening ; when the traveller, entering a cave, disappeared from the wondering Abudah. The merchant essayed to follow him, but looking into the cave, it seemed to have no bottom, therefore he was obliged to desist.

The sun was now sinking from the mountains, and the glowing skies seemed to tip the woods with their reddening light. Abudah, being fatigued, first sought out a tree, and, climbing into it, resolved there to await the dawn of the morning: but the severe fatigues had so much exhausted him, that, although he had resolved to watch till the morning, yet sleep soon overpowered him, and made him forget either the wonders or the dangers that surrounded him.

Abudah, in the morning, when he awakened, was surprised at an unusual glitter about him; and, looking more steadfastly, he found the tree on which he sat to be of pure gold, and the leaves of silver, with fruit like rubies hanging in clusters on the branches. Looking around, he also beheld the face of the country as though it had been changed: for on every side appeared the most glorious palaces that eye could conceive, glittering with gold, silver, and precious stones; so that the whole appeared more like a heavenly than a earthly situation.

Descending full of wonder from the tree, he found the ground he trod on to be gold dust, and the stones pearls; these were covered with flowers which seemed formed of vegetable crystal, emeralds, and amethysts; trees and shrubs of silver and gold met his eye, growing almost visibly about him. At the farther end of the prospect he beheld a vast and expanded dome, which seemed to cover a whole plain, and rose to the clouds. This dome shone so brightly, by the reflection of the costly materials of which it was composed, that he could hardly look toward it. However, as it seemed most to attract his attention, he advanced up to the door.

The dome, which was of entire gold, stood upon three hundred pillars of precious stones; one emerald formed the shaft of one pillar, one diamond the capital, and one ruby the pedestal: the intermediate spaces between the pillars were of

crystal, one piece between each pillar ; so that the inside of the dome was visible from all parts. The architrave was of solid pearl, inlaid with curious emblems, composed of festoons of amethysts, topazes, carbuncles, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and the most sparkling diamonds.

Abudah, though the richest of mankind, was struck with astonishment at the profusion of riches and beauty which he beheld ; and entering at one of the four portals (for the dome had four, one to each quarter of the heavens), he beheld an ancient form, seated on a throne, which looked too bright to distinguish what glorious materials it was made of. A great number of crowned heads attended on him ; and these were supported by inferior beings, all clad in the most superb vestments. All around the dome were placed, with great beauty and symmetry, numberless heaps of wealth and riches ; and the very pavement on which he trod was covered over with tapestry carpet, representing the riches of the earth, in all their natural colours.

Abudah, abashed at this amazing magnificence, and beholding such personages within the dome, was retiring, when one of the chief of the attendants, who stood nearest the throne, advancing, beckoned Abudah forward. The merchant obeyed with trembling, and as he came forward, bowed himself to the ground, which the royal personage perceiving, who sat on the throne, spake thus to him :

“ Fear not, Abudah, thou hast ever been a favourite of the Genius of Riches. I am thy friend ; and this journey, which thou hast undertaken in honour of me, in hopes here to find the Talisman of the Great Oromanes, shall not go unrewarded. And first,” said he to the Genius who had presented the merchant, “ lead Abudah through all my stores, and let him view the riches of the earth—a sight that so many thousands long ardently to enjoy.”

The inferior Genius obeyed ; and, taking Abudah by the hand, he led him toward a royal palace, facing the eastern side of the dome. Here, as Abudah entered the palace, the walls of which were of the purest silver, with windows of crystal, he beheld incredible heaps of that precious metal, all seemingly composed like branches of trees.

“What thou seest here,” said the Genius, “is trifling ; for these heaps, which seem to lie on the surface of the ground, really are of the same depth with the centre of the earth ; so that of this metal alone there is laid up more in value than all the visible riches of the world.”

The Genius next carried Abudah to a second palace, built of pure gold, having windows like the first. Here, also, Abudah beheld the same profusion of gold, which, like the silver, continued down to the centre. Next he was shown, in a huge building of adamant, a cistern filled with the fragments of diamonds and all manner of precious stones.

“These also,” said the Genius, “are not terminated but by the centre of the earth. Now,” continued he, “as you observed in the two first palaces, the silver and gold are the little branches which drop from the trees of this vegetable valley of riches ; for all things on earth are subject to decrease, which are here carefully collected (for the rich are not exempt from toil), and placed in these repositories, the bottoms of which, at the centre of the earth, are grated, and let out sparingly these smaller fragments : so likewise of the jewels, which fall like fruit from the trees, and break into little pieces : these are all thrown together to serve the earth, but none above such a size are admitted, nor indeed could they pass through the grating below. Thus these metals and jewels, mixing with the earth, and being diffused in its bowels, are at length stopped by rocks and stones, and so form mines in different

parts of the world, each requiring the industry and labour of man, that they may be brought the more sparingly into the world."

Abudah, having viewed these things, returned, and being presented to the Genius of Riches—"Now," said the Genius, "bring forth the iron chest, wherein, it is said, the Talisman of Oromanes is lodged."

At the command of the Genius, ten of an inferior order brought in a huge chest, of fifty locks upon it: the chest itself was of iron, and bound round with the strongest bands, which were harder than adamant. "There," said the Genius to Abudah, "there is thy reward: return to Bagdad, and live in peace all the days of thy life!"

"Must I then," replied Abudah, "O beneficent Genius, carry with me the chest also? or is it permitted that I take thence the Talisman of Oromanes?"

"Wouldst thou then," replied the Genius, "take it from its place of security? Whilst thou dost possess the chest, the talisman is thine own, and the force of man cannot bereave thee of it. Why, then, should curiosity prevail over security? It is written in the chronicles of time, that he who possesseth the Talisman of Oromanes shall be happy: seek not, therefore, to disentangle the talisman from its present state of security, till it fail thee of its promised efficacy. Take, however, these fifty keys; but beware, lest thy curiosity alone tempt thee; for what mortal can say if its refulgence be not too much for man to behold!"

Having thus said, the Genius commanded Abudah to lie down on the chest; and immediately his eyes closed, and not till the morning after did he awake, and find himself in a tent, on the plain where he had left his immense caravan; but now he found only forty camels and forty servants to attend him.

Abudah inquired of his servants what became of the riches and attendants that had travelled from Bagdad with him to that plain; but they could give no answer. They said, indeed, that they had heard of such a caravan, and that they had for some time missed their master from Bagdad; and that, although they went overnight to their rest in his house at Bagdad, they found themselves, with the tents, and forty camels laden with provision, on that plain in the morning; and that, coming into his tent, they saw him sleeping on an iron chest, and had removed him to the sofa. "And is the chest here?" cried Abudah. "Here is, Sir," replied the slave that spoke, "an iron chest of prodigious size, and secured with many locks."

Abudah immediately arose; and, though he could not unravel the mysteries of his journey, yet, seeing the chest, and finding the keys, which the Genius had given him, he was contented, and ordered them to strike their tents, and begin their march for the City of Bagdad. The chest was, by long poles made fast to four camels, which were placed in the centre of the caravan.

The mind of Abudah, though in possession of the chest, was yet not without its apprehensions that the wild Arabs might come down upon his little party, and bereave him of his treasure. The first day, the caravan reached a pool of water, and on its banks the careful Abudah ordered his retinue to pitch their tents, and unload the camels from their burdens; and, at the same time, placed four of his slaves as sentinels, toward the four different quarters of his encampment; and ordered the chest, for the greater security, to be buried in the sand under his tent, while he endeavoured to compose himself for slumber. Nor were his fears unreasonable; for at the hour of midnight a small party of Arabs stole down toward them, in order to encamp there for the benefit of the water.

Abudah had notice from his slave, who looked toward the west, of their approach, and was likewise informed that their number was small ; but such was his anxiety and irresolution, and fear of losing his treasure or his life, that he dared not order them to be attacked, or prepare for flight. During this ineffectual altercation and struggle of Abudah with his fears, one of the slaves, more daring than the rest, finding his master fearful, encouraged his comrades, and, marshalling them in order, led them toward the robbers.

The Arabs, who were not more than twenty in number, at sight of a force so much superior, turned their backs, and left Abudah's slaves in quiet possession of their tents. But now the slave, seeing the Arabs flying from before him, and observing the fear of his master, and the great concern he had for the iron chest, addressed himself to the rest of the slaves, and declaring what immense treasure there might lie hid in that chest, seeing their master had left Bagdad to search for it, and had it secured with so many locks, persuaded them to rob Abudah, and depart with the riches to some other country, where they might enjoy the fruits of their rapine. This being easily agreed to, they all in a body advanced to the tent of Abudah, who came out to meet and thank them for their gallant behaviour.

The bold slave thus made answer to his master's thanks :—
“ The danger, Oh Abudah, of defending thy riches, contained in the iron chest with many locks, fell all upon thy slaves ; whilst thou, who wert to enjoy the comfort of those riches, didst lie trembling in thy tent. Wherefore we, who have borne the burden, mean also to share the profits with thee ; but, that thou mayest see that we are just, one equal share shall be thy portion, and the rest belongs to those who have preserved to thee even the share that will be appointed thee.” These words

being ended, without any regard to either the threatenings or prayers of Abudah, they dug up the chest ; and, having cleared away the sand, demanded of him the keys of the fifty locks.

Abudah, finding them inexorable, besought them that they would at least give him a day to consider of their proposal. "What !" replied the bold slave, "a day ? Why, merchant, long ere that will a thousand Arabs be upon us, invited by those that are fled ; and we shall suffer death, and you and all entirely lose the valuable possessions which are doubtless contained in that strong chest of iron."

It was in vain that, in return, the merchant assured them that there was nothing therein but a poor talisman, whose virtues they could not know ; and promised them all liberty and riches, if they arrived safe in Bagdad with the chest. They had gone too far to trust to his promises ; and the slave who was their ringleader, ordering all to retire, left Abudah for half an hour to think of their proposal.

Abudah, as soon as they had left him, threw himself upon the chest, as one who was grasping all that was dear unto him, and, with a loud sigh, began to lament his fate ; when, as before, a deep sleep overtaking him, he sunk motionless on his treasure.

At midnight he awaked, and, turning his eyes around, perceived he was in the apartments of his seraglio, in Bagdad, and that his wife was sleeping near him on a sofa. The recollection of his happy escape immediately got possession of his mind : and he doubted not but he should find his chest, as he had before. Wherefore, before he saluted, or indeed, thought of his wife, taking one of the sweet-scented lamps, that always were burning in the centre of the apartment, he perceived the chest in the very corner where, before, the box which had caused him so much uneasiness used to remain fixed.

Abudah, now feeling for, and taking out the fifty keys, thought himself the happiest of mankind. The danger which he conceived the talisman might be in, from lying in a chest so conspicuous, and which he had already experienced, determined him, at all hazards, to unlock with his fifty keys the iron chest, and take the talisman out, and always wear it concealed about him. With this view he began to try the first key, which, to his amazement, would fit neither of the fifty locks. At this he began to suspect, that either the Genius or Riches had mistaken (which he could hardly suppose), or that some evil Genius had changed them in his bosom.—“However,” said he to himself, “perhaps, as one key will open none, one also may open all :” so, taking out one by one, he tried them all : but neither of the fifty keys would open a single lock.

Abudah, at this discovery, flung himself on the sofa, and began to lament his miserable fate : but he soon resolved to try the keys a second time : “for,” said he, “some key I have possibly missed, and such a treasure cannot be expected without much labour and pains.” At this he rose up, and was going toward the chest, when, starting at a noise in the centre of the room, he beheld the little box, which had been the first cause of all his grief, and was saluted by the old hag, who hobbled out from her confinement, and began to terrify the afflicted merchant in the following terms :—

“Oh, senseless Abudah ! to hope that the Talisman of Oromanes might be bought with riches ! Thou hast indeed a chest, but thou hast neither the means, nor canst thou force open this chest, to search for thy treasure : what, then, art thou the better for thy possession, or the happier for thy chest of iron ? It will, indeed convey thee where thou desirest, and thou mayst rest upon it ; but, waking, thou feelest the tortures of anxiety,



TALISMAN OF OROMANES.

"He beheld the little box, the first cause of all his grief, and was saluted by the old woman who hobbled out of her confinement."

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and feelest them the sharper, because thou fearest to lose what thou canst not enjoy. Go then, and search till thou findest the keys of the fifty locks ; but be not so senseless as to suppose that the Genius would have parted with the treasure, could he have made any use of it. In a far different country must thou hope to find those keys which will unlock that chest ; a joyous country, where serenity ever dwells, and pleasure reigns eternal.—A short respite will I give thee ; but ere this moon be passed, let me find you active, or I shall invent double horrors to surround you.”

Having thus said, the box closed, and in an instant Abudah beheld it mounted on the chest, which he vainly hoped would have driven such a troublesome guest from his house.

And now Selima his wife, awaking, beheld with surprise her husband Abudah drowned in tears by her side. She instantly pressed him in her arms, and, in transports, inquired by what happy fate he was returned.

“Why, know you not,” replied Abudah, “that the third morning, as I mounted the car, which the traveller had prepared for me, and was arrayed in my best vestments of gold and diamonds, having a procession the length of two days before me, and such a numerous retinue of all the nobles of Bagdad, and having archers innumerable attending my caravan, which was moving toward the valley—?”

“Oh, my dear Abudah,” said Selima interrupting him, “with what madness hath that wicked enchanter possessed you ? What car ? what vestments ? what procession doth my lord talk of ? There came, indeed (brought by those who called themselves your friends), a poor wretch here, who has embezzled the greater part of your riches, and who often talked in private with you : and this continued for some months, during which time you never attended to the speech

of your friends, but seemed wrapped up in that specious villain, who at last took you to the room fronting the gateway of the city, and there, for two days, you continued looking out, and seemed to be in raptures, talking of more riches than the world contains : and the third day, though he still continued by you, you persisted he was gone. Yet he went forth, and you followed him : and, getting into a little vehicle, he placed himself behind you, and your family have from that day lamented your absence.”

At this recital Abudah turned his face on the sofa, and spake no more for several hours. At last, rising from the sofa, “Fool, indeed that I was !” said he, “to trust to the account of a miserable impostor, or believe that the Talisman of Oromanes might be purchased with riches.”

[The continuation of the tale of the “Talisman of Oromanes” describes the second adventure of the merchant Abudah in the groves of Shadaski. We give the conclusion, which forms an introduction to the third Adventure :]—

Thus passed away the night in the groves of Shadaski ; the morning brought reflection and satiety ; and Abudah, with some impatience, besought the Queen of Pleasures to surrender him the keys of the iron chest.

“My ever-loved Abudah,” replied the Queen, “behold the chest in the centre of my temple ; and here are the keys for my adventurous hero : go, happy Abudah, and purchase a perpetuity in these never-fading arms, by the possession of the talisman of the pleasure-giving Oromanes.”

Abudah, having received the keys, jumped forward from

the pavilion to the middle of the temple ; and, like a man just entering on a new pursuit, with great impatience began to open the fifty locks. The locks, being only touched by the keys, flew from their staples, and the merchant, in a few minutes, had conquered forty-nine of the obstacles of his happiness : as he was opening the last,—“ Oh Queen !” said he, “ come forward, and see me finish this desirable adventure !” The last lock tumbled off just as the Queen arrived at the chest ; and Abudah besought her to share with him the pleasures of exploring the chest. But no sooner did the merchant stoop to open the lid of the iron chest, than a sudden darkness ensued, and in a moment the loud thunder cracked around him, and streams of crooked lightnings, with horrid blaze, encircled the astonished Abudah.

The shrieks and cries of the once-gay set, who were indulging under the canopies, next struck his ears ; some, already blasted by the lightning, withered away ; others, the ruins of the temple, falling in huge fragments, half-buried in the earth ; the rest, in madness, running to and fro in despair, tore each other to pieces. The red angry lightning still continuing, Abudah, in the utmost anguish, looked toward the Queen ;—when, (Oh fearful sight !) he saw her soft form parching and contracting by the flames, and her whole body diminishing, till, by degrees, instead of eyes brim-full of love, he beheld the little old hag, with fury flashing from her looks.

“ Wretch, as well as fool !” said she, with a voice that pierced his inmost sense, “ how darest thou presume to seek the Talisman of Oromanes amidst the vanities and intemperance of this filthy grove ? But I leave thee to enjoy the situation thou art so fond of ; be this dungeon of lust thy prison ; here wander, and contemplate the pleasures thou hast chosen.”

Thus saying, she struck Abudah with her crutch, and

vanished from his sight. The touch of her noxious hand filled him with aching pains, and the dead bodies and the groans of those dying around him, inspired the wretched merchant with horror and remorse.

He wandered for a long time in what he now believed an endless cavern, without light ; and, to add to his wretchedness, every step he took he trod on some venomous creature ; the serpents hissed at him as he passed ; the toads spit malignant fire ; and the asps, twining round his legs, cast their venom on him, and marked him with a thousand blotches. Thus continued he wandering to and fro, with great caution, about the dismal cavern, not more tormented with the groans of others than his own dismal and heart-aching thoughts, which made him weep and tremble every step he took.

After many weary searches for an end, or place to escape, he felt something larger than common seize him by the leg ; upon which the poor wretch supposed he was in the gripe of an enormous serpent, and began shrieking with fear and terror ; when a voice, like that of despair, spoke us follows :—

“What wretch art thou, who yet remainest alive in this cavern of desolation and death?”

Abudah, though still in terror, was yet somewhat comforted to find some companion in his miseries, and thus answered him :—

“I am, indeed, a wretch, misled in my searches after the Talisman of Oromanes !”

“What !” answered the voice, “wast thou fool enough to suppose that pleasure was the road to that noble jewel ? It were then,” continued the voice, “an easy purchase : but rough is the path, and high the mount, on which that treasure is preserved.”

“Alas !” answered Abudah, “it matters not to me where

or how this talisman is disposed, who am thus for ever enclosed in these walls of wretchedness."

"We cannot but rise," answered the voice, "when we are at the bottom; and perhaps the most barren ground will yield the richest mine; be thou but resolved but to tread the crooked and laborious path, and I will instruct thee: for within these caverns begins the winding ascent."

"Oh friend, or genius, or whatsoever else thou art," returned the merchant, "place me but in the track, and no dangers shall deter me; for what has he to fear who is beyond hope?"

"Take, then," answered the voice, "thy way as the cavern descends: and fear not to stoop in order to rise; for in the lowest part of this cavern is situated the opening you must ascend."

As the voice ended, Abudah found his feet at liberty, and began to feel out for the cavern's descent. The lower he went, the more filth and stench he found; to which, submitting with patience, he, by a long passage, sometimes crawling under rugged arches, sometimes wading in mud and dirt, and in total darkness, attained the end of the cavern, where he stumbled on some narrow steps, but could see no light, and was nearly suffocated with the noisome vapours.

The winding ascent was so intricate, and clogged with dirt and rubbish, that the merchant worked like a mole in the dark; but, by his industry, he gained ground considerably; yet what mostly tormented him was, that as often as he endeavoured to mount, the steps would slip from under him, and he would come tumbling down with a weight of dirt upon him; and then had all his work to do over again. Nothing but his intolerable situation and lost condition could have supported the merchant in this odious undertaking: but meanness and wretchedness know no evils greater than themselves.

After various labours, Abudah arrived at a kind of resting-place, whence the steps began to enlarge; and by degrees he perceived from above a glimmering light, to which ascending, the nearer he drew to it, the plainer he could hear a confused sound of voices echoing from the top, which increased as he rose, till he could plainly distinguish it must proceed from some great concourse of people without.

When he had reached the uppermost step, over which a hole opened sufficient for a man to crawl through, the clamours without were so terrifying, that he feared to proceed; at last, considering that death must be the consequence of remaining in the cavern, he boldly ventured forth.

No sooner did the merchant Abudah appear through the opening of the cavern, than ten thousand voices cried out all at once,—“Long live our Sultan, whom the mountains of Tasgi have brought forth!” And Abudah, looking round, saw an infinite concourse of people round the mountain, and beyond them a most plentiful country, with cities and towns scattered among the valleys which opened to his view.

A number of eunuchs and viziers stepped forward to disengage Abudah from the mouth of the cavern, who was so spent with his infirmities, sores, and fatigue, that he was obliged to be supported. Immediately a princely robe was thrown over him, and a costly turban put upon his head; the concourse still crying out, with ecstasy and rapture, “Long live our Sultan, whom the mountains of Tasgi have brought forth!”

Silence being commanded, the grand vizier, with a long train, came toward Abudah; and, with all the people, prostrating himself before the merchant, thus addressed himself to Abudah:—

“Behold, O thou, before whose presence even the sun is darkness! behold, O wonder of mankind, most sacred progeny

of Tasgi ! thou miracle of beauty ! thou mirror of perfection ! thou most glorious Sultan of earthly princes ! thou diamond of nature ! thou guardian of the world ! behold thy prostrate slaves ; whose wish is only to lay down as thy foot-stools, and to be trodden under thy feet as the dust of the plain ! Thine, O Sultan, is all earthly happiness ! thine, every perfection of body and mind ! thine, all power, from the mountains of thy parent Tasgi, to the parching deserts of Shezrallah, which forbid the approach of the stranger to the kingdoms of our invincible Sultan ! Rule, therefore, thy slaves, according unto thy pleasure, and know but one will in the plains and cities which, by thy permission and bounty, thy slaves inhabit."

As the grand vizier, still prostrate with the people, uttered these words, they all with one voice repeated :—"O Sultan, whom the mountains of Tasgi have brought forth, rule thy slaves according to thy pleasure !"

Abudah, filled with conceit, and bloated with pride, had almost forgot his pains and infirmities in this flattering applause : he set his foot on the neck of the vizier with the utmost haughtiness, and commanded him to conduct him to the seraglio of his ancestors. A number of slaves and eunuchs brought a magnificent throne of ivory, with a canopy of golden embroidery thrown over it, into which Abudah ascended, and was borne on the shoulders of the grandees and viziers of his newly-acquired kingdom.

The retinue, winding round the hill, brought Abudah in sight of an extensive encampment, which, after the eastern manner, was of a thousand different colours : one division yellow, one blue, another white, some red, some green, and all adorned with silver or gold. In the centre of this splendid armament stood the royal tent, which shone with the lustre of the gold and purple velvet of which it was composed, and looked rather like a palace than a tent.

Here Abudah was seated on his throne ; and, the nobles having done obeisance, Abudah commanded all but the grand vizier to depart.

The rest being gone, the grand vizier, again prostrating himself before Abudah, cried out, "May my lord, the Sultan of Tasgi, ever rule over Harran his slave."

"Harran," answered Abudah, "arise, and declare to me the cause of this encampment, and why the armies of Tasgi are thus scattered on the plains?"

"Our renowned Sultan Rammasin," replied the vizier, Harran, "made it his custom to take the field in summer, to terrify his foes ; but, in the midst of this campaign, it pleased the powers who preside over the mountains of Tasgi to call him from us, and bless us with the presence of my lord, before whom I stand. For, since the time that the descendants of Mahomet involved our kingdom in perpetual bloodshed, we have been warned by the oracles of Tasgi to expect a king from the womb of the mountain, that no division of families, or contention among brethren, might disturb the peace of these happy kingdoms."

"And who," said Abudah, "are the neighbours of my kingdom beyond these mountains?"

"They are," replied the vizier, "O Sultan, a harmless in-offensive race ; which was the cause that the Sultan Rammasin would not make war upon them, although their territories extend to the sea-coast, and would be a noble addition to the kingdom of the Sultan of Tasgi."

"Rammasin, then," answered Abudah, "wanted a nobleness of soul, to sit down contented with less than he might have enjoyed ; but Abudah, your present Sultan, will give their land to the slaves of Tasgi, and extend his dominions even over the waves and the tempest."

“My royal master will thereby,” answered the vizier, “gain the hearts of his soldiers, who have long pined in the inglorious lethargies of peace.”

“Go, bid the trumpet sound then,” said Abudah, “and let it be proclaimed in the camp, that your Sultan, Abudah, will revenge the injuries which the inhabitants of Tasgi have received from their perfidious neighbours. Go, Harran, and denounce war against the——”

“Shakarahs,” said Harran, bowing, “who have insulted the mountains of Tasgi.”

Abudah was going on; but his pains and weakness obliged him to order that an inner tent might be prepared for him.

While the eunuchs and slaves were attending their new Sultan, his vizier, Harran, caused the royal mandate to be proclaimed about the encampment, and commanded the leaders of the army to be assembled together, to deliver to them the orders of the Sultan Abudah.

The whole kingdom of Tasgi was rejoiced at the news of their Sultan’s expedition against the helpless and innocent Shakarahs; so little do subjects weigh the merits of war! and the old and decrepit parents stirred up their children to engage in a service where cruelty and destruction were honoured with the titles of virtue and the love of their country.

Ere the sun began to smile upon the harvests of the Shakarahs, the tents of Abudah were moving to destroy them; the loud cymbals were clanging in the air, and the brazen trumpets, with their shrill notes of liveliness, seemed to inspire the armies of Tasgi with a thirst of glory, and not of blood. The order and discipline of the troops, the regularity of their march, and the sprightliness of their looks, utterly disguised the rapacious purposes of the royal plunderer; who, though but just master of one kingdom, was so eager

to get possession of a second, that he destroyed many of his men in forcing a march over the mountains, which nature had placed as the boundaries of their nation.

The Shakarahs, having notice of their motions, sent an embassy to meet the Sultan of Tasgi, beseeching to know the cause of his coming; making the humblest professions of peace; and offering, if anything had offended him, to make the fullest satisfaction they were capable of; and imploring him that he would not make war upon a nation who were ever the friends of the Tasgites, and to whom that kingdom had never declared any hostile intention.

To these humble remonstrances Abudah replied, that he was not to be taught and directed by such base slaves as the Shakarahs, and that, whatever intention he might have had originally in entering their kingdom, he now declared he came to punish the insolence of that people, who dared send such dictating embassies to the Sultan of Tasgi.

He then commanded the ambassadors to be driven from the encampment, and ordered his army to begin their hostilities on the presumptuous Shakarahs.

The leaders of the armies of Tasgi being ignorant and imperious, every kind of tyranny and cruelty was practised, till the wretched Shakarahs being made prisoners, and their wives and families outraged or murdered, the Sultan Abudah returned to the kingdom of Tasgi, with the spoils of the conquered country, amidst the acclamations of the army and its leaders; who were so lavish of their praises and adulations, that Abudah esteemed himself at least equal to the Prophet of Mecca.

After Abudah arrived at the metropolis of Tasgi, his viziers came to inquire of him where he would bestow the miserable Shakarahs, most of whom they had led home in chains.

Abudah was for some time doubtful of their fate ; and was at last going to order a general execution, when he recollected the iron chest, which was buried in the mountains of Tasgi.

“Let the Shakarahs,” said the Sultan Abudah, “be condemned to work in the mountains of Tasgi, till they find an iron chest with fifty locks.”

At these words, the grand vizier, Harran, bowed before the Sultan, and said :—“Will my lord dare to send the Shakarahs into the womb of Tasgi, which his own subjects are forbidden to approach?”

“Take the rebel Harran,” said Abudah, in indignation, “and let his head be severed from his body, and his tongue let the dogs devour.”

The other viziers gladly saw this execution performed on Harran, and returned to the Sultan, and said :—“Far be it that a monarch of the East should be governed by his slaves. Be the will of the Sultan Abudah for ever obeyed, as it is in the destruction of the traitor Harran ; as it is in the labours of the Shakarahs in the mountains of Tasgi.”

Abudah hourly sent his viziers to inspect the miners in the mountains, who returned with accounts of the death of thousands, over whom the mountains crumbled, and smothered them in its caverns.

The Tasgites, jealous of their mountain, which they supposed was somewhat divine, began to murmur at the impiety of their Sultan ; which, when Abudah knew, he commanded the leaders of his army to chastise them, and to put every tenth man throughout his kingdom to the sword.

At length the fainting Shakarahs dug out the chest of iron, and brought it to Abudah, who commanded every engine of force to be applied to it to break it open ; but in vain ; the chest resisted all their endeavours, and would not yield to the utmost force the art of man could bring against it.

Abudah then published a reward to any that should make keys to fit the locks. This several undertook, and succeeded ; but as soon as one lock was opened, it shut while the artificer was employed about the second.

Abudah, puffed up with pride, was enraged at this disappointment, and commanded fifty men to take the fifty keys, and all attempt it at once ; which they did, and were all immediately struck dead ; he then commanded a second fifty ; but none but his army were near him, for the rest were fled from the tyrant's presence.

Abudah now ordered fifty soldiers to approach : when the leaders of the army, moved by his cruelties, and seeing he was about to sacrifice his army as well as his subjects, uniting together, came toward him in a body ; which Abudah perceiving, and expecting no mercy, leaped on the chest, and trusted himself to its saving power.

Immediately the chest moved aloft in the air ; and Abudah, being stupified and giddy, fell into a deep sleep, and was wafted far from the army and kingdom of Tasgi.

[The Merchant's Fourth Adventure is among the Sages of Nema. He there beholds the insufficiency of Science, and the weakness of Philosophy. The Chemist perishes in his attempt to regulate the powers of nature ; and the Metaphysician, who boasts of his triumph over all physical evils, finds a violent and sudden death.]

“Alas !” sighed the Merchant Abudah, “how vain is it for weakness to boast of strength ; or for man, who is infirm, to deny the reality of what he must hourly feel ! To boast of a

power over nature is, I see, the end of philosophy, which should only with wonder contemplate what it cannot scan ; much less ought the reptile man to vaunt itself superior to the blessings or scourges of Him who is the ruler of the universe."

With these reflections Abudah rose and advanced up a lawn, which, winding between two mountains, brought the merchant into a spacious plain, where he beheld innumerable flocks feeding upon its surface, and shepherds and shepherdesses tending their innocent charge.—"Here," said Abudah to himself, "here is neither pomp, nor luxury, nor vanity ; here is rural peace, and quietness, and tranquillity, which knows no sorrow."

As thus Abudah mused within himself, he advanced towards the shepherds and their flocks ; when, one passing near him immediately ran, with the utmost precipitation, among the rest, crying aloud—"Fly, fly, O my wandering and distressed friends ; for the tyrant of Tasgi, not content with driving us out from the land of Shakarah, is come down to bereave us of our flocks and herds !"

Abudah was touched to the soul at this scene of distress and confusion, which his former passions had occasioned, and called to the poor wanderers to stay ; but they, fearing and lamenting, drove their flocks along the plain, and with dread looked back, expecting to see again the cruel armies of the Tasgites.

One old venerable Brahmin alone, unable through age to follow the Shakarahs, whom he had for many years instructed, sat, with a majestic composure, on a square stone, which stood at the entrance of his cell. As Abudah advanced he arose, and made obeisance, saying : "Know, O Sultan, I rise not to the Tyrant of Tasgi ; but I bow before him whom it has pleased

Allah to set over his people. But wherefore shouldst thou seek to do evil, that thou mayest reap good? Are then bad actions capable of salutary ends; and is evil predominant that purity may triumph? Alas, O Sultan! not such are the means of obtaining the talisman of the great and perfect Oromanes: purity and perfection, such as man may attain unto, true virtue and benevolence, and a faithful religion, are the means of possessing that treasure. Hasten, therefore, O man, to the tomb of the Prophet, and there confess the follies and iniquities of thy researches: and learn, from that fountain of purity and truth, the will of him who ordained you to this hitherto ineffectual toil."

"Good and pious Brahmin," replied Abudah, "much have I abused both the gifts of Providence and you and your poor innocent and distressed nation: but direct me in my journey to Mecca, for I seem hitherto to have trodden on enchanted ground."

"The chest of adamant will convey you to Mecca," answered the Brahmin.

"I left it," replied Abudah, "in the mansions of Philosophy, which may not be found without crossing the brook, and risking the fury of the tiger."

"There is," answered the Brahmin, "a path that leads hence, round the brook, to the back of that mansion, into which a small bridge will carry you over the brook: and may Mahomet prosper your undertaking. Abudah then took leave of the sage, assuring him that the Tasgites knew not of his place of retreat; and that he might rest with the Shakarabs safely there, for no evil was intended them. The Brahmin blessed Abudah as he parted."

The Sultan-Merchant hastened to the seminaries of learning; where, taking possession of the chest, he threw himself

on it, in full assurance that he should awake in the temple of Mecca.

In a short time, the Merchant Abudah found himself in an awful mosque, reclining on the chest of adamant: on one side stood the box which used to haunt his chamber with the diminutive hag; and on the other, a large cistern of water. In a moment, with mildness in his aspect, stood the Genius Barhaddan before him.

"At length," said he "Abudah, receive the true keys of the adamantine chest."

At these words, the Merchant Abudah approached the Genius; and, having prostrated himself before him, received the long-expected keys.

"Begin," said Barhaddan, "O Abudah, and search for thy treasure." Abudah obeyed; and in a moment the locks of the chest flew open.

Abudah, with a consciousness and dread, lifted up the lid of the chest; when instantly flew out a thousand feathers, so that they covered the whole pavement of the mosque.

"Now," continued Barhaddan, "put in thine hand, and draw forth the contents of the chest." Abudah obeyed; and first he took up a beautiful but bleeding hand, with a curious bracelet of diamonds.

"That hand," said Barhaddan, "was severed from the body of a fair sultana, by a slave, who could not unlock the bracelet. Dost thou think, Abudah, the wearer was the happier for that ornament?"

As Abudah was going to draw again, out stepped a poor wretch, laden with his bags of gold, trembling and looking behind. Next, on a sudden, a gay youth, with a poignard, stabbed the miser to the heart; upon which several women, in loose attire, came and shared with him the spoil, and began

dancing and singing.—These were followed by a crowd, among whom was a crowned head, who ordered his soldiers to fall on them and destroy them: then came a superior force, and put a bowstring around the neck of him that was crowned: and another stripped the crown from his head.—After these came several madmen; some with wings on their shoulders, some with wheels, which they strove always to keep in motion: some looking unto the skies, some drawing circles in the air with straws, some jabbering ridiculous notions, that the same quantity was both more and less than itself.

When these were passed, Barhaddan asked Abudah, “Dost thou understand these things?”

“I understand by them,” answered the Merchant, “(and also by my travels), that neither riches, nor gaiety, nor honour, nor power, nor science, nor learning, nor obscurity, is free from the common accidents of life: and that, therefore, these can never lead us to the perfect Talisman of Oromanes.”

“What didst thou understand by the feathers?” said Barhaddan.

“I knew not their meaning,” answered Abudah.

“They,” continued the Genius Barhaddan, “were the thousand light, airy, inconsistent hopes and wishes, which lie on the top of every man’s heart: which have some kind of tendency to the Talisman, and so they are the first on the top of the chest.

“And now, O merchant Abudah,” said Barhaddan, “art thou convinced that the Talisman of Oromanes could not be treasured among such refuse as these? Shut down, therefore, the chest, and attend with silence to the scene which will follow.” Abudah obeyed, standing like a mute, with his hands before him.

“Now, thou wicked hag,” said Barhaddan, “thou evil

genius, who lovest to torment and mislead mankind, come forth." At these words, the little box fell to pieces, and the hag came trembling out on her crutches before Barhaddan.

"I know," said the pure Genius, "thy implacable nature, and that thou delightest only in mischief and evil; but, that you may have some awe for those who regard mankind, stand here, and see me purge the man whom thou hast enslaved with worldly thoughts and desires."

Barhaddan then commanded Abudah to wash himself in the cistern; which having performed, he ordered him a second time to open the chest of adamant. Abudah, obeying, looked in, and saw only a little book, which Barhaddan bade him read, and he read these words aloud:—

"Know, O man, that human nature, which is imperfect, cannot attain to perfection: that true happiness, which is the real Talisman of Oromanes, being immortal, can be enjoyed by immortals alone: that man, being a creature, is subject to the commands of his Creator: and, therefore, a knowledge of his will, and a faithful obedience to it, should be the first and last pursuit of mortality, till it may please the Eternal Power to remove him from trial to perfection, from earthly misery to the eternal happiness of a glorious paradise."

As he ended these words, Abudah fell prostrate in the mosque, and adored the Eternal Power above; which the Genius seeing, commended him.

Then Barhaddan, turning to the hag:—"Go," said he, "false and wicked genius, into that chest, and there, for fifty years, contemplate the happiness thou art so anxious to recommend." The hag trembled and obeyed: the chest closed with violence, the locks fastened themselves on, and the whole was taken up like a whirlwind, and vanished away.

Abudah then looked around to thank the friendly Genius;

but he was gone : and, what surprised him more, he found himself on his bed at Bagdad, and his wife and family weeping around him. As he moved, Selima in transport ran to him, and asked him if the life were in him ?

“In me !” said Abudah ; why, woman, I have been travelling these three months : I have seen various countries and kingdoms ; I have (but would I had not !) been crowned a Sultan !”

“Oh,” interrupted Selima, “my lord raves again. Thy children and servants know, O Abudah ! that for four days thou hast slept upon this sofa, and we feared thou wert dead.”

“Is what I have seen, then, a dream ?” cried the merchant Abudah : “then blessed be the Allwise, who has added unto me knowledge without guilt !”

“But now, my lovely Selima,” said Abudah, “I am released from those terrors and uneasinesses which have made me a burden to thee and to myself. Yes, Selima, I have learned to be content—the utmost man must expect upon earth ; and I have learned to be obedient to Alla ; to love and cherish my family, and to do good to mankind.”

At these words, he again embraced his wife and children, and the day was spent in happy endearments : nor lived there a happier or more resigned and cheerful family in Bagdad than in the house of the merchant Abudah.

The City of Bagdad was in former times the great emporium of Eastern commerce, and its merchants, men of renown. There were then considerable manufactories, and it was the central depot for all commodities of the Eastern and Western world. It was, indeed, a place of much trade until the last few years, but the commerce has been diverted, for the Persians now send to Constantinople, by way of Erzeroum and Tocat. The present city was founded A.D. 763, on the site of a former town.

In the vicinity of Bagdad are the tombs of the Prophets Ezekiel and Ezra—the former is nearer to the site of Babylon. That of Ezra is of a rather important character: there are a considerable number of Jews resident at Bagdad, and very many pilgrimages are made to this sacred spot, both by Jews and Moslems.

We have not attempted to realise the kingdoms and grades of the author's imagination; oriental imagery is well imitated; in fact, we do not know any purely English production that so near approaches Eastern luxuriance of style.

The pashalic of Bagdad is a most extensive territory, and is traversed by the Euphrates and Tigris, which ultimately unite and enter the Persian Gulph in a single stream. This province, which comprehends the principal part of Ancient Mesopotamia and Assyria, as well as the whole of Babylonia and Chaldæa, is about 630 miles long, by 450 in breadth.



IV.

The Mercy of Affliction.



FFLICTIONS in this life are, not unfrequently, our merciful Creator's means of withdrawing our too close attention to worldly affairs, by causing us to seek happiness in the world to come. Hence, those apparent punishments are really proofs of mercy—"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

This tale is a production of Dr. Joseph Warton, and one of his contributions to the *Adventurer*, and is intended to convey a great moral lesson, that man should not presume to scrutinize the decrees of Omnipotence. In some calamities and extreme misery—and what can exceed the loss of a beloved child?—there is a virtue nearly related to contentment—namely, a patient resignation to the will of God. Evils of any sort are most irksome when they come upon us unexpected, and surprise us unprepared to bear them; we think our condition particularly hard, and ourselves singled out as it were by Providence to suffer more than others, and persuade ourselves that any one would be as uneasy as we are. But observations upon the course of things will teach us to arm ourselves against disappointments, and not expect a settled prosperity; they will inform us of greater afflictions than in all probability we have known, and of many persons who have shewed an evenness of temper and a calmness of mind, under circumstances as undesirable as ours, and who have made them light by bearing them patiently. Our Saviour, speaking of good men tried by adversity, and maintaining their patience and integrity, represents them rather as objects of reverence than compassion, and annexes blessedness to their condition.

THE MERCY OF AFFLICTION.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destined in thy great design !
Active, I follow on : for should my will
Resist, I'm impious ; but must follow still.

—SENECA.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain : he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence ; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. “Can that God be benevolent,” he cried, “who thus wounds the soul as from an ambush, with unexpected arrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity ? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence ! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he

perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of hope ; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the towers of happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer.”

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned in amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, “Follow me to the top of this mountain.”

“Look from hence,” said the awful conductor ; “I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace ; look from hence into the valley.”

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure : it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert ; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use ; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might happily approach the island.

“Inhabitant of heaven,” cried Bozaldab, “suffer not this

wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.” “Peace!” said the angel, “and observe.”

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, entreated and implored in vain.

“Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?” exclaimed Bozaldab. “Look again, said the angel, “and behold the very ship in which, shortsighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but to abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.”

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned

with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajahs of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a houri.

“Gracious Alla!—it is my son,” cried the Caliph. “Oh, let me hold him to my heart!” “Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,” replied the angel: “I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son had he continued longer on the earth. “And why,” returned Bozaldab, “was he not permitted to continue? Why was not I suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and glory? “Consider the sequel,” replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror; the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboran to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

“Happy,” said Caloc, “is he whom Providence has, by the Angel of Death, snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumula-

ted upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction into the vast abyss of eternal wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Caliph was the title of certain dynasties of Mohammedan sovereigns regarded as successors and representatives of the prophet. There were reigning at the same time the Abasside Caliphs in Bagdad; the Fatimide in Egypt, and the Omayyade in Spain. The first Fatimide Caliph,

Obeidallah, assumed the sovereign power A.D. 910, and Adhed, the last of that dynasty, died A.D. 1171. The name of Bozaldab is, of course, imaginary ; no Caliph so designated appears. Moez, the fourth Caliph, who was the most renowned of the Fatimides, conquered Egypt, removed his court there, and founded Cairo. He conquered the whole of Palestine and Syria ; his son Aziz, who succeeded him, married a Christian woman, and he made her brothers patriarchs of Alexandria and Jerusalem. The Caliph was at the same time the supreme pontiff and temporal sovereign of the empire ; and, in this twofold capacity, there may be said to be five principal duties incident to the office, viz , prayer, the administration of justice, the decision of matters not provided for by the laws, conduct of the war against infidels, and the maintenance of order and security in the state.



The Ball of Silence.



SCARCELY any country on the globe affords so much scope for the imagination as Tibet, where is laid the locality of this tale. It is an anonymous production, and appeared in a forgotten periodical, some thirty years since. It is a good picture of the habits of the country, as far as we are acquainted with Tibet: certainly that knowledge is but slight, for, being under the vassalage of the Chinese, whose jealous exclusion of foreigners is a bar to all improvement of manners and customs, it is a rare circumstance to hear of an European traveller from Tibet.

The aim of the author is to set forth the advantages of knowledge, as, by means of his acquirements in foreign lands, the slave Ackbar was eventually restored to his parent and his home. Ackbar found the physicians to be mere empirics, who practised from experience only, and not from well-grounded theory; and hence he was enabled, by the light of science, to achieve a cure. Even at the present day, the ignorant in Britain, as well as the Orientals, have a great tendency to patronise quacks, and this is not a little increased by the mystery with which their proceedings are shrouded. They delight to surprise and astonish by results, but conceal the process: one accidental recovery out of a hundred cases of failures is sufficient for their purpose. Now the character of science is the direct contrary of this: it delights to lay itself open to inquiry, and is not satisfied with its conclusions, till it can make the road to them broad and beaten; its whole aim being to strip away all mystery, to illuminate every dark recess, with a view to improve them on rational principles.

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

ON the banks of the sonorous river Sanpoo or Dzangbo, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Tibet from the Mogul empire, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country, from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced, arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, “who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?” The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy end to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—“Daughter of my hopes and fears! heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever, yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee.

Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helping heiress with their powerful love?" He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited an union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Tibet, where the parties can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word love Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—"My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being;" and turning round, she continued, playfully, "I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master's life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I loved Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I

I love Ackbar still." Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave. "But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I love Ackbar." The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression: he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Tibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she caressed her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master: observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent credulity of his master, proceeded—"May Lama Zarin live for ever! I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer."

Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama, gave him a right to remain always in his master's

presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which time he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed, when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs, of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Tibet: and by degrees the slave became the friend and almost the equal of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse, the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fullness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to

her father, she asked, "Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?" Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more. "I will endeavour to obey," she replied, "but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day."

The Lama, dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart, and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye, and wasted form, proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal—that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him, would never have heard of each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Tibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, "He saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda."

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Tibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like

balsam upon her heart ; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Tibet are subject. He, accordingly, lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Lassa, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country ; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Lassa !

From this time the physician was no longer necessary ; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Lassa with the following reply :—" The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand Princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting ; report hath long made known at Lassa

the beauty of the maid Zerinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Tibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Lassa, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls!"

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family: he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Tibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but

unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Lassa, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great "Hall of Silence." At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration, (for in Tibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed,—all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words: "Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in

the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of heaven!"

He ceased; and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till, by another sign from the throne, the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—"Help, my Zerinda dies!" Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, "Ackbar dies!" upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—"If to speak be death let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence." He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas, by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled; these daring



HALL OF SILENCE.

"It was now that Akbar, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—'Help, my Zerinda dies!'"

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rebels against the laws of Tibet, have seen and been united to each other ; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore," added he, addressing the mute, "perform your office on Ackbar first." They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Lassa. A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner), he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Tibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed the testimony of his eye-sight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—"It is my son, my long lost son ! let him speak : henceforth this place shall no longer be called the 'Hall of Silence,' but 'the Hall of Joy,' for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda !"

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit Missionaries who had gained access to the capital of Tibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people ; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe ; he finally

accompanied him to India ; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Tibet ; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled ; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Tibet.

Tibet forms a mountain ridge of a very peculiar character, and presents a region in every way distinct from the neighbouring territories of Persia or Hindoostan. The whole country is one series of rude plains, covered with scanty herbage, diversified by rocky heights, under whose shelter a few rough built villages find protection from the chilling winds of the snow-clad mountains that enclose it.

Society in Tibet is at a very low ebb : religion forms the essential basis of the constitution, both civil and social : the system which here holds sway is that known in Asia under the title of Boodhism, the human being its sovereign head. The objects of worship are mortals exalted into deities, instead of a spiritual and eternal Author of the universe. As soon as the Lama dies, the priests, by supposed celestial indications, discover an infant with whom his soul is supposed to have transmigrated. This person is immediately exalted into the character of Lama, and in his

name all the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the state are administered. Each district has its Lama, but there is a chief called the Grand Lama, who resides at Lassa. At Lassa is the temple of Pootata, which is said to be 367 feet high ; it contains ten thousand apartments filled with images in gold and silver, and has its roof richly gilded. In the surrounding plains are twenty-two other temples, all richly adorned ; and we are assured that the entire number of priests and monks maintained at the expense of the country is little short of ten thousand. Missionaries inform us that many of their religious ceremonies have a striking resemblance to those of the Church of Rome.



VI.

Almet; or, Hope and Fear.



VALUE of LIFE, as fixed by Hope and Fear, and, therefore, dependent on the Will, is the doctrine the author of the narrative that follows, desires to enforce.

The story is by Dr. Hawkesworth, and forms No. 114 of *The Adventurer*. The divine precept it enforces, is one that Christ and his Apostles taught. St. Paul admonishes us thus—“Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth.” In the same proportion that the love of the world increases in our hearts, so does our love of God diminish. The final happiness or misery of man being placed at a

distance from our present state, we are apt to think they are further off than they really are. Under this false impression, we frame a thousand excuses, and, inconsiderately and fatally for ourselves, set our affections on earthly things, and fix our tabernacle here. It is a most certain and evident truth, that if any person firmly believed a future state of happiness, and could entertain an humble and modest hope that he should have some share in it, he would more easily rest satisfied with his condition for the few days of his pilgrimage here below. The expectation of undisturbed peace and rest from all troubles, the hope of living for ever with God and angelic beings, and of making continual progress in wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and every amiable disposition, would compose the mind, and raise it above care and disquiet. Temporal inconveniences would then seem little, and the common objects of men's hopes and fears would appear but as shadows.

ALMET; OR, HOPE AND FEAR.

Whoe'er enjoys the untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.

HORACE.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed steadfastly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“Almet,” said the stranger, “thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If, in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain

felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed." Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity to this complaint of a being in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned: and stretching out his hand towards Heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. "Wretched mortals," said I, "to what purpose are you busy? if to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those that wear them equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon: where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude

of day and night is not known ; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour ? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man ? and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made ?

“ While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared : I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. “ Almet,” said he, “ thou hast devoted thy life to meditation that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding ; it is again open before thee : look up, consider it, and be wise.”

“ I looked up, and beheld an enclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk ; at the end, a wild desert ; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty : on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

“ While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace : his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom ; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him ; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror ; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power : his features however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy, his eye was again fixed on the ground : and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance ; and, turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense ; but he prevented my request : ‘ The book of nature,’ said he, ‘ is before thee ; look up, consider it, and wise.’ I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren ; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade ; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up ; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed, and naked, but his countenance was cheerful and his deportment active : he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short, as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way ; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

“ I turned again towards the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected ; but he again prevented my request : ‘ Almet,’ said he, ‘ remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another ; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end : the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy. The song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed ; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of the wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“ ‘ What then has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed ? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue, and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen ; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.’

“ While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear,

the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

“Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mohammed in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry: deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou ‘rejoice in hope,’ and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of this felicity.”

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger retired in peace.

The sepulchre of the prophet Mohammed is at Medina. Mecca and Medina (the one being the prophet's birth-place, and the other as containing his tomb) are places of great veneration with all devout Moslems, and vast numbers annually make pilgrimages thereto. The district in which these holy cities are placed is, except on the side towards the Red Sea, surrounded by mountains, and was, until very recently, forbidden to be trodden by Europeans. The houses in Mecca are superior to all others in the East, and a very active commerce is combined with the pilgrimage, as we are led to believe that devotion alone contributes but few visitors, the great majority of votaries uniting trade with their piety. Medina is a city very inferior; the houses do not rival Mecca. The great mosque which encloses the tomb is very splendid, being surrounded by numerous pillars of jasper, marble and porphyry, on which sentences in gold are inscribed. The tomb itself is remarkably plain.

Dervise (Derwish is a Persian word, signifying poor and indigent). This is a name given to various Mahometan priests or monks : many of them travel over the whole eastern world, entertaining the people wherever they come with agreeable relations of their adventures, the wonders they have met with, and, as in the case of Almet, enforcing moral and religious truths by means of fable and fiction, clothed in the glowing language of eastern imagery. In their religious opinions the greatest variety prevails, as there are numerous orders. The name is synonymous with the Arabic word Fakir, both expressions being employed in Mahometan countries to designate the various religious classes that in Christendom are termed Monks and Friars. Extension of intercourse with Europeans have caused Dervises to lose the rank and esteem in which they were formerly held, and, at the present day, they are regarded rather in the light of hypocrites, who have assumed a sanctimonious appearance as a pretext for idleness.



The Diamond of the Desert.

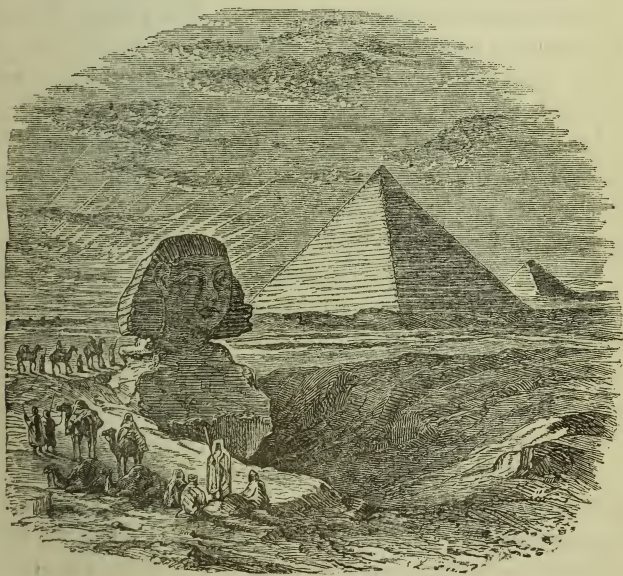


RIEVOUS as the trials and sufferings were to the brave Ishmael, they had their reward in the fond affection of his bride.

The tale is an anonymous production. It appeared in an extinct miscellany some thirty years' since. It exhibits the cruel and desolating warfare that has throughout ages characterised the countries subjected to Turkish rule. The Arab is the same wild man of the desert, the descendant of Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, and certainly his Turkish neighbour is not likely to improve his habits. Although robbery and vio-

lence is his accustomed practice, travellers relate many instances of kindness and care of the Arabs during illness. The Arab is of all races of men the least changed: his manners, habits, and even his costume has undergone but very trifling alteration since the time of the patriarchs. Burckhardt tells us that the Kahtan tribe, which at the present day is one of the wealthiest tribes of the eastern desert of Arabia, is descended from Khatan or Jaktah, son of Heber, whose other son, Peleg, was the ancestor of Abraham. The same traveller also informs us, that as four thousand years ago Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents, Hyad, at this day, the richest sheik, lives like the meanest of his Arabs; they both eat every day the same dishes, and in the same quantity, and never partake of any luxury except on the arrival of a stranger, when the host's tent is open to all his friends: the dress of all is alike. In further illustration of the Arabs' unchangeable character, is the interpretation afforded us of the covenant of salt—(Numbers xviii. 19)—that the act of

eating salt together constitutes the inviolability of an engagement; it is not that salt itself is selected in any other way than that it is generally mixed with all kinds of food, and thus whenever the stranger is admitted to partake of food in the tent of the children of the desert, his person and property becomes from that instant safe from violence. We have, in our Saviour's parable of the good Samaritan, an instance of the cruel deeds of the Arab; and in the same locality, in 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker was robbed and stripped naked by them. The tribes that roam that district are not possessed of any of the more admirable traits that distinguish the tribe mentioned by Burckhardt.



THE DIAMOND OF THE DESERT.

IN one of those skirmishes which are so continually occurring between the Arabs of the Desert and the Molsallam or Governor of Jerusalem, the Turkish troops captured, near the valley of Begaa, a young Sheik of distinguished bravery, whose name was Ishmael; and whose father, Ahmed, the son of Bahir, was the Chief of the Wahydyahs, one of the most ancient and important tribes in Syria. The young Bedouin was surprised in an ambuscade; but resolving to sell his life as dearly as he could, resisted his assailants for some time with unexampled valour; and it was not until he had received several desperate wounds, that he at length suffered himself to be overpowered and taken prisoner. Indeed, so truly pitiable was his condition, that it was with great difficulty he was transported to Jerusalem alive. On his arrival in the Holy City he was immediately conveyed into the court of the governor's palace, where he was placed upon the ground, with a marble column at his back to support him, until the decision of the Molsallam, as to his final destination, should be ascertained. A death-like paleness overspread his countenance, but had not subdued the manly and noble dignity of his features,—still instinct with a vital scorn of his enemies. A smile of proud defiance lingered on his bloodless lip; yet his ghastly wounds and the rigidity of his limbs seemed to indicate to the by-standers that the night of the grave was rapidly closing over the head of that youthful warrior, whose daring soul and resistless arm had made him at once an object of terror and admiration throughout all Syria. Life was, how-

ever, not wholly extinct, and that which would certainly have been denied from a feeling of compassion, was conceded from a motive of interest, to the expiring Bedouin.

The Molsallam expecting, as a matter of course, that a liberal ransom would be offered for the release of the only son of the Sheik of Wahydyah, sent for the Dragoman of the Convent of the Holy City, who passed for a skilful physician. "Hakim," said he, "as thou hast been favoured by heaven with the gift of healing, and enjoyest the reputation of an admirable leech, I confide this capture to thy care; if it be possible to preserve his life, take him to thy dwelling; but swear to deliver him into my hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal; for, if through either thy neglect or perfidy, the slave is suffered to escape, thou shalt answer for the treason with thy head: but if, on the other hand, thou art able to restore him to health, and he is forthcoming at the time appointed, one half the treasure paid for his liberation shall be thine." The Dragoman bowed his assent, and having attentively examined the wounds of the young Sheik, replied, (placing, as he spoke, his hand successively on his breast, his beard, and his forehead) "Your Highness's orders shall be obeyed; commit your prisoner to my charge, and I will endeavour to effect his restoration so completely, that he shall be worth whatever ransom your justice may demand for his release." The dying Ishmael was accordingly conveyed to the house of the Dragoman, whose name was Youhanna Ebn Temym, and who was possessed of a large share of Christian charity. His residence was situated near the gate of St. Stephen, and his garden was partly enclosed by an angle of the wall that bounded the pool of Bethesda—that stream which had in the earliest ages of Christianity wrought so many miraculous cures on those who resorted to it. Miriam,

the loveliest of the daughters of Palestine, heard the repeated knocks of the Dragoman and his attendants; and having recognised the voice of Ebn Temym, her father, opened the door, which, like those of all the Christian residents of Jerusalem, was usually barricaded. It was not without considerable surprise and alarm that she beheld the servants of the Molsallam, bearing among them the almost lifeless body of the young Sheik. "Daughter," said the Dragoman, "I bring thee an unhappy sufferer;" and the pensively beautiful face of Miriam immediately brightened with compassion;—"He is the bravest of the Bedouin chiefs, the son of Ahmed, the Sheik of Wahydyah." "What, so young!" mournfully responded the fair Christian; "and is this he who has rendered himself so celebrated among the Bethlehemites? Oh, my dear father! let us pardon him; let us remember the example of the good Samaritan, and pour oil upon his wounds, and comfort into his soul. Oh that your skill may enable you to save the life of this unfortunate youth!" "Quick," said Ebn Temym, "haste, daughter, and bring me bandages of linen, and the balsam of Zaggoura;" Miriam waited for no other bidding; she flew to perform the injunctions of her father, and, during her absence, Ishmael was placed on the divan. She returned almost instantaneously, and having herself prepared the lint, knelt down and sustained in her arms the declining head of the young captive; eagerly watching the countenance of the good Dragoman, in order to ascertain his opinion of the condition of his patient, whose last sigh appeared to be almost fluttering on his lips. His head was, as she continued to support it, pressed against her beating heart, whilst she regarded every alteration of his ghastly features with the most intense watchfulness and anxiety; but his eyes still remained closed, and their long

dark lashes served only to contrast with the deadly paleness of his cheek. A deep gash passed across his bosom; Ebn Temym expressed his fears that it was mortal. Miriam, in whose susceptible heart the sufferings of Ishmael had already created a powerful interest, shuddered at her father's words, and pressed the drooping head of the sufferer still more tenderly to her heart. She no longer regarded him as a stranger; his misfortunes had given him a claim upon her sympathies, which nothing else could have secured him; and she knelt by his side and continued to staunch the blood that still flowed profusely from his temples upon his unbound turban. She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell upon the forehead of the feeble Arab. A balm so precious might almost have sufficed to have awakened him from the sleep of eternity. He slowly opened his eyes, and, at length, fixed them upon the beautiful face that was bent above him. Delirious, from the effects of the fever which the agony of his wounds had occasioned, "Mahomet," whispered he, "am I then in Paradise!" "Oh! Virgin Mother of the Son of God," exclaimed Miriam, "he still lives! blessed be thy name; comfort, I beseech thee this poor infidel, for without thy aid we can do nothing."

During the entire period of his long and painful illness, Ebn Temym and his daughter tended with unremitting solicitude the couch of the son of Ahmed. Day after day he grew more sensible of the soothing attentions and sympathizing kindnesses of the beautiful Miriam, and gratitude and admiration operating upon his warm and enthusiastic feelings, he delivered himself up to all the impulses of the most intense and passionate adoration;—as his frame gathered strength, the weakness (if love be weakness) of his soul increased; and he lived but in the smiles of the gentle daughter of Ebn Temym.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to walk out, Miriam led him beneath the sycamore whose branches overshadowed the house and garden of the Dragoman. Seated by his side, she questioned him concerning the wars of his tribe, the revenge of the Wahydyahs upon the treacherous Djezzar Pacha, the condition of his family, and the customs and amusements of the wanderers of the Desert : whilst he, in return, expressed a wish to be instructed in her creed, and sought to know in what it differed from the belief of his fathers. Twilight frequently surprised them in these long and sweet discourses, and they were often only awakened to a sense of the reality of their existence by the evening chaunt of the Muezzin, who, from the minarets of the splendid mosque of El Harem, called the Mussulmans to prayer.

“Miriam,” said the Arab; on one glorious evening when their delicious conference had been prolonged until the stars were beginning to begem the deep blue skies above them—“Miriam, you have taught me to forget my father, my prophet, and my tribe. You have rescued me from the overwhelming power of the Angel of Death only to deliver me over to all the agonizing anxieties of the most impassioned love. Either my ashes must become as dust to be scattered over the land by the lightest breezes of Yemen, or I must build for thee the bridal bower in the Desert. My parents will rejoice in such a daughter; all the Wahydyahs will kiss the hem of Ebn Temym’s garment; and the fairest maidens, of the Kabyla will contend for the honour of washing the dust from thy feet,” Miriam, touched and troubled by the warmth and tenderness of this appeal, could only reply that she was a Christian, and that everything in life separated them. “Alas !” added she mournfully, “Death will, perhaps, be less unjust to us than fortune.” A few short moons abundantly confirmed

the melancholy presentiment which was contained in these few wild and simple words.

The Pacha of Damascus, jealous of the rapidly increasing treasures of the Molsallam of Jerusalem, coveted a Divan, and, after having obtained its sanction, reproached him with his manifold acts of tyranny and injustice, and put him to death. His next step was to instal one of his own favourites in the government of Jerusalem, and this man sought to repay the kindness of his patron by an offering worthy the barbarian whose lust of rapine and cruelty it was intended to gratify. He sacked the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, and those of the Armenians and Greeks throughout Palestine. Twenty of the wealthiest Jews expired under the bastinado of the Chiaoux and the whole city of Jerusalem became one scene of lamentation and despair.

“Listen, son of Ahmed,” said the Dragoman to the young Sheik committed to his custody; “although bound by a sacred oath to the late Molsallam, to deliver thee into his hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal, I have promised nothing to his successor; if thy strength permits, profit by the confusion which now reigns in the city: depart at sunset by the gate of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottos of Aceldama; the sepulchres will furnish thee a secure asylum until the hour of evening, when thou canst shape thy steps with caution towards the Desert; and may that God who has already restored thee from the arms of death, protect thee in thy flight, and grant a long life to thee and to thy kindred. Peace be with thee!” The pale cheek of Miriam became crimsoned with emotion, and the cup of sherbrt she was in the act of offering to her lover dropped from her trembling hand, on hearing this address. “O, my father,” rejoined Ishmael with melancholy earnestness, “can you desire me to depart and leave my pro-

tector and my friend,—and one, too, who is dearer to me than life itself,—exposed to the various perils which now environ you? Abdallah, the savage minion of the unrelenting Pacha of Damascus, is now occupied in hunting to desperation and death the most noble families in Jerusalem: but when the new Molsallam shall have sacrificed the powerful and the strong, will he not then pounce upon his weaker and more defenceless prey, even upon thee and the trembling dove thou hast cherished in thy bosom? He will remember in his bitterness the battle of Tiberias: and when he shall be informed that Ishmael is a prisoner, no ransom will be deemed sufficiently large for my redemption: and thus will the feuds in which so much blood has been already causelessly expended, be perpetuated to our children's children. Abdallah will immediately demand of thee the captive confided to thy charge with such severe injunctions; and thy lips of truth, what answer can they give? Rather let us fly together: or if thou wilt repose thy faith in my truth, I will go to my father, and having assembled the people of his tribe, who unite the gentleness of the gazelle with the boldness of the lion, I will send thee a docile camel and faithful servant of my tent, who will guide its steps to the entrance of the valley of Gaza, where I and my father will await you, and shouts of joy shall be the welcome of Miriam and Ebn Temym to the haunts of the tribe of Wahydyah. On the last day of the month Sepher, shall we expect you, and we will watch incessantly for your arrival from the green heights of Eder."

"My father," exclaimed the agitated Miriam, clasping the knees of the Dragoman in an agony of supplication, "my dear father, accept, I beseech thee, the offer of Ishmael, for it is indeed inspired by heaven. As I prostrated myself yesterday before the altar of the Virgin, I had a prophetic anticipation

of all that he now proposes. Let us hasten our escape from the cruelties that are now perpetrating in this devoted city. The hand of the most high God will in time dissipate the storm, and avenge the murder of his people. We can then return. Meanwhile, let us, I conjure thee, journey into a land of safety, where, if we find no one to sympathise with us in our creed, we may at least be permitted to offer up our prayers to heaven without molestation."

Ebn Temym was struck with the force of this pathetic appeal, and could not choose but yield to the solicitations of his daughter. He accepted the proposal of Ishmael—the plan of their route was finally decided upon, and every precaution adopted to facilitate their escape, and ensure their safety. The young Sheik bade them a hasty farewell, and prepared to set out upon his expedition. "May your longing for a view of the camp of Amhed," said he, as he kissed the fair forehead of Miriam, "be as ardent as that of the desert-worn traveller for the green Oasis of the wilderness."

But the skies of this heaven of hope were soon overclouded, and a scene of horror and of blood obliged them speedily to relinquish their delightful project. The disturbances throughout the city were becoming every hour more and more alarming; so much so indeed that Ebn Temym would by no means consent to the departure of his youthful guest. The attempt at that moment would certainly have been attended with the most imminent danger. He therefore induced him to conceal himself in a subterranean retreat, with the labyrinths of which he alone was acquainted, in order to await a more favourable opportunity for carrying his plans into effect. Having conveyed Ishmael to this place of temporary refuge, the good Dragoman rejoined his daughter with his accustomed tranquillity; but scarcely had he acquainted her with what he

had done, than the Spahis of the newly elected tyrant burst into the room, and rudely seizing him, bound him hand and foot before his daughter's eyes. They then plundered the house of what little treasure the Dragoman had amassed, and bore him away to the Molsallam, to whom he had been denounced as a traitor by the perfidious Greeks. His daughter saw him no more.

Miriam, in a state of mind little short of distraction, hastened to the Superior of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, to implore his assistance in procuring her father's freedom. She noticed, as she drew nearer, that its walls were closely besieged by the murderous emissaries of the Molsallam, who were imprecating the most dreadful curses on the unoffending brotherhood. "My daughter," said the venerable father to Miriam, "our Saviour visits us with severe calamities, and thou art at this moment suffering the most poignant of human afflictions; but what are thy sorrows in comparison with his, who upon this very spot voluntarily, and for the redemption of the immortal souls of sinful men, drained to its last dregs the bitterest cup that ever was prepared for mortal taste! Handmaid of that serenest of sufferers, who when writhing under agony almost too powerful for the endurance of humanity, exclaimed, 'not my will but thine be done,'—follower of the living Lord, thy father is no more! He has escaped the fearful anxieties to which we must hourly be exposed, and has reached that kingdom in which the spirits of just men are made perfect."

The unhappy maiden, overwhelmed by the suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe (for an hour had scarcely elapsed since her father was alive and in her presence), fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself surrounded by Christian women, who, with tears in

their eyes, were entreating the holy fathers not to deliver her into the hands of the governor. The barbarian had heard of her surpassing beauty, and considering her a prize worthy the harem of his patron, the Pacha of Damascus, had issued his commands that she should be brought before him. The prayers and presents of the holy brotherhood had, however, succeeded in obtaining for her a few hours' respite. They had hoped to save her from the misery and degradation with which she was threatened, by sending her to Bethlehem, but they were informed the same evening, that that city was also abandoned to the fury of the Spahis, and that the convent of Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre would be plundered by these lawless bands in the course of the night. From the first moment of the arrival of this dreadful intelligence the greatest consternation prevailed, and every individual was occupied in preparing for a hasty flight to a place of safety. Some of the women and children secreted themselves in the subterranean recesses of the Holy City. The more courageous among them, having first buried their precious reliques, their sacred vases, in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the deep caves of Siloah, scaled the walls and fled.

Worn and dejected, without either counsel or an asylum, Miriam sought the retreat of Ishmael, whom she found full of anxiety and fears for her safety. His voice was tremulous with rage: he vowed the deepest vengeance on the Molsallam for the murder of Ebn Temym, and the tears of his bereaved and unhappy daughter. "Let me employ the little energy that is left me," said Miriam, "in persuading thee to seek thy safety in flight. I have confided everything to the superior of the convent. Yousef is one of the janissaries charged with the defence of the holy fathers; I have interested him in thy behalf, and he will favour thy escape. He has consented

to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethany, where the Arabs of Siloah will provide him with a camel. Night is fast approaching, make for the valley of Jehoshaphat; thou wilt find thy guide, he will wait patiently for thee until the ninth hour. God be with thee on thy perilous journey, and guide thy fugitive steps in safety over the burning sands of the desert—less fatal and terrible than the cruel machinations of evil men. Farewell, dear Ishmael; think sometimes of the martyred Ebn Temym, and his hapless daughter—the orphan Miriam.”

“Oh! Miriam,” rejoined the young Sheik, “you will not follow me, and yet you entreat me to fly! how is this?” I am a Christian, Ishmael,” responded the desolate girl, “it is not lawful for me to be thy bride; but, if thou lovest me, friend of my father, save thine own life, and be happy in the Desert. Miriam can never cease to find protection near the tomb of her blessed Redeemer.” Then acquiring courage, she continued in a voice rendered tremulous by grief—“the only sorrow which I could not endure, would be that arising from a wilful neglect of my duty; or,” pursued she with repressed anguish, “of witnessing thy destruction. I have borne much, I could bear anything but this.”

“Holy Prophet,” rejoined Ishmael, “she cannot suppose that I will leave her! Miriam,” added he, with a mournful voice, laying down his arms and mantle, “you have no right to suspect the son of Ahmed of such base ingratitude and insensibility; you do but employ these words as the test of my truth. And what is life without her I love? I will stay: and I swear by Mahomet himself, that no power shall force me from your side.” “Stay,” said Miriam, “in despite of death?” “I scorn it,” rejoined Ishmael, “and here will I remain to meet it.” These last words, uttered in a tone of deep emotion, were omnipotent: they decided the fate of Miriam.

“Oh, my God!” cried she, “the only father to whom I can now appeal for either succour or advice, what must I then do? Must I suffer Ishmael to perish? Were my dear father but alive, a sacred duty would detain me here; but an orphan in this thorny world, isolated, and without one friend to protect me from insult and degradation worse even than death, what course am I to follow? I belong to no one, have no one either to love or to regret me. A numerous family would mourn for Ishmael, and can I then consent to his death? Of what importance is the fate of Miriam? He shall live, he may even yet be happy. Ishmael, save thy life and mine: we will abandon these awful scenes together. It shall be even as thou wilt. Pardon us, Holy Virgin, if we have erred: or, at least, if we are guilty, let thy vengeance descend upon my head alone.”

Not an instant was to be lost. Guided by the flames that were consuming the hospital of the Armenians, Miriam and Ishmael threaded with considerable difficulty the aloe hedges that divide the gardens of the suburbs. With the opportune aid of some fugitive Christians, whom they casually encountered in their flight, they passed the outer walls of the city. Their situation became every moment more and more critical. They could be both seen and heard, and the slightest noise might have betrayed them into the hands of their enemies. For the first time in his life, Ishmael experienced a sensation of fear. They hurried on in silence: but Miriam, accustomed to the sedentary life of eastern women, found her strength beginning to fail her, and her companion was obliged to bear her onward in his arms. The minarets of Bethany now burst upon their sight, and Ishmael, gaining resolution from the reflection that he was at length master of the fate of his beloved, hastened on to the ruins. Having reached them, he proceeded

to give the appointed signal, and profound was their consternation at receiving no answer in return. The night, one of unusual darkness, had now closed in upon them, and neither guide nor camel was in attendance. In vain they repeated the signal, and listened with beating hearts for the reply. All was silent as the grave. They had greatly exceeded the ninth hour, and the janissary had, in all probability, given up the hope of seeing them, and returned to the city; or it might be for the purpose of betraying them into the hands of the revengeful Molsallam. Various and painful were the conjectures in which they successively indulged.

What was to be done? How were they to traverse sixty miles of a rough mountainous and desert track, without assistance, and without provision, to find at the end of their journey a wide expanse of moving sands, burning beneath the scorching rays of a tropic sun, and treacherous and uncertain to the tread. Everything, however, appears possible to love: Ishmael easily convinced Miriam of the necessity of continuing their course: "I know," said he, "of a spring half way between this and the part of the Desert inhabited by the tribe of Wahydyah; we shall find date trees near the fountain, whose fruits will yield us nourishment. I will sustain you in my arms; two days will suffice for the journey: if your strength fails you we will rest, and you shall regain it on my bosom." Pure and unsophisticated innocence invested them with their panoply and tempered the warmth of their emotions, awakening between them a full and perfect confidence in each other, the tender and holy charm of earliest love. Miriam willingly believed the asseverations of Ishmael. Anxious to take advantage of the freshness of the night, that they might prosecute their arduous journey with as little fatigue as possible, they hastened to quit the ruins of Bethany—vain hope!

the strength of the fair Christian was already exhausted, and her tender feet were lacerated by the sharp stones that lay imbedded amidst the sands over which she had passed. Ishmael witnessed her forced exertions and her sufferings, and his heart bled within him at the sight. He guided her steps, and supported her in his arms, but still their progress was comparatively slow. The rising sun now displayed to their view the Desert over which they had to pass, an immense plain of sand already red by the sun's earliest beams, and unshaded by a single tree. But this prospect, so far from discouraging Ishmael, seemed only to animate him to fresh exertions. The Desert was to him a home and an emblem of independence; "O Miriam!" said he, "take courage; before sunset we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and tomorrow we shall approach my father's tents." Miriam, inspired by these soothing words, endeavoured to conceal her weariness, and continued to press forward leaning on the arm of Ishmael. But the paleness of her countenance betrayed that she was in the last stage of exhaustion. Ishmael again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this fatiguing day the newly recovered invalid himself began to droop; his eyes grew dim, and he could scarcely discern in the horizon the top of the palm trees of Engaddi. It seemed impossible that they should reach this resting place before dark, and Miriam, who laid already a fainting burthen in his arms, and parched with thirst, was scarcely able to articulate a word. The thought that it was for his sake she had exposed herself to this intensity of suffering, invigorated the sinking Arab: he pressed on, rested, and again pursued his way. The fear of losing the object of his idolatry stimulated him almost beyond his strength, and still he struggled onward, pressing ever and anon his precious burthen to his panting and agitated bosom. A few steps more

and they were by the side of the long-desired spring, at which they had no sooner arrived than, utterly powerless and exhausted, they both fell prostrate on the sands.

Ishmael dragged himself with some difficulty to the edge of the fountain, and filling the palms of his hands with the precious liquid, moistened the parched and bleeding lips of Miriam. She opened her languid eyes, and smiled her grateful thanks through the tears with which they were filled. Anxious only for Ishmael, she appeared indifferent to her own sufferings. "Alas!" said she, faintly, "had it not been for me, thou wouldst not have been reduced to this strengthless and debilitated condition;" thus making even her own sacrifice a subject of self-accusation.

They rested one entire night and day beneath the date-trees at the fountain of Engaddi. As the evening advanced, Ishmael stationed himself at the feet of Miriam, and watched over her with intense and breathless anxiety—a solicitude as deep and pure as that with which the young mother hangs over the waning beauty of her first-born child.

Ishmael's energies were in a great measure renewed, whilst the daughter of Ebn Temym awoke feverish and unrested; but still anxious for the safety of her lover, she expressed the utmost eagerness to depart, and they once more set out on their journey, bearing with them dates and water for their future refreshment. They had not proceeded far when they met some Arab shepherds, who, sympathising with them in their distress, provided them with more solid nourishment than they had hitherto been able to obtain. It happened fortunately for the wearied fugitives, that an old man of the party was on terms of friendship with several of the tribe of Wahydyah, and he, therefore, tendered Ishmael and Miriam his services as a guide. They directed their course towards the



DIAMOND OF THE DESERT.

"Ishmael stationed himself at the feet of Miriam, and watched over her with intense and breathless anxiety."

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vale of Harma; the shepherd assisted them to climb the heights of Tabor, to cross the torrent of Soeta, and the deep solitudes of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to Miriam, "trust in Allah:" it was he who led you to us in the pastures of Edom. He has deprived me of a beloved child, the prop and support of my old age: you recal her to my memory: the mourner is doubly dear to one who is, like me, so well acquainted with grief—lean on me, damsel, frail reed that I am, lean on me. I am old, it is true, but the Prophet hath given me sufficient strength to succour thee in thy necessity: let us then press forward on our way together." But, notwithstanding the additional assistance she received, Miriam was gradually growing more and more exhausted, and her eyes were overflowing with tears, when the keen and anxious sight of the young Sheik discerned towards dusk a company of horsemen on a distant height before them. The shepherd hastened towards the party, and recognised them as Arabs. "Sons of the Desert," exclaimed he, "are ye of the noble tribe of Wahydyah, sovereigns of Bosor and Eblator?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Bedouins with one voice, "we are, we are!" Without waiting for reply the old man hurried back to Ishmael, who, having confided to his care his precious charge, fled to his friends. As soon as he had dispatched messengers to apprise his father of his approach, and secured the accommodation of which the sinking Miriam stood in such extreme need, he as speedily returned. "Take courage, sweet sister of my soul," said he, "the whole of my tribe await you; I will restore to you a father in Ahmed, the son of Bahir."

The fair Christian was soon supported by her lover upon a sure-footed and gentle steed. She fainted several times before they arrived at the plain of Arma, whither the ancient Sheik and his family had repaired to meet them. Ishmael cried out

to him afar off, "Sheik of the Wahydyahs, oh !, my father, behold the angel that has preserved thy son ; kill the newborn camel in her honour, and present to her the bread and salt." He then recounted to Ahmed all the sufferings they had undergone ; and tears bathed the venerable cheek of the son of Bahir, as he listened to the sad recital.

Alas ! the seeds of death were already sown in the fragile form of the gentle Miriam. The young sisters of Ishmael exerted themselves in vain to divert her. When they thought her somewhat recovered, they conducted her to the well of Laban, and, seated in the shade of its fig-tree, described to her the anxieties they had felt during their brother's painful absence, and related to her all that he had told them of the benevolence of Ebn Temym. On their return to the women's tent, their mother, who was anxiously expecting them, received Miriam with open arms, addressed her as a daughter, and tended her with more than maternal solicitude. She despatched envoys to Gaza, for everything she considered to minister either to her pleasure or restoration. "We are poor and ignorant," said the sympathising matron, "but our hearts expand to the influences of friendship, even as the pomegranate to the rays of that sun from which it derives both its colour and sweetness."

Miriam was sensibly affected by these proofs of the tender interest with which she was regarded : she loved the young Sheik, but her piety, her fears with regard to another life, so forcibly impressed upon the mind of a Christian born at the sacred foot of Calvary, all combined to agitate her soul with wild and visionary apprehensions. She constantly fancied that she heard the voice of her martyred father calling upon her name, and in spite of the vigilant kindness of her Arab friends, was gradually wasting away like the wounded palm-tree of the

Desert, 'cut by the Indian for its juicy balm.' Ishmael, with anguish he could ill conceal, beheld the beloved of his soul thus meekly descending into the valley of the shadow of death. He wandered round her tent groaning in the agony of his despair, like a young lion that has been smitten by the poisoned arrow of the hunter. His father endeavoured to soothe him under the pressure of his painful anticipations, "Allah, is good," he would say, "he allows the dove to shelter in my tent—to nestle in the bosom of my tribe. Regard it, Ishmael, as a sign of happiness for the Wahydyahs, and let the thought that we ministered comfort and healing to the heart of the stricken daughter of the martyred Ebn Temym, be as the oil of peace on the troubled billows of thy soul."

The tender attentions lavished by this patriarchal family upon their dying guest were ineffectual. One morning, after a few moments of unusual cheerfulness, the head of Miriam declined upon her bosom, like a drooping rose of Sharon, the last sigh passed from her pale dissevered lips, and her spirit mounted at once into its native heaven. All the fibres that had sustained the perishing form of this fragile flower were at length divided. The horrible death of her father, her religious scruples, (they might almost be called prejudices), and the passionate depth of her affection, all united to blight a creature—once the very soul of beauty and of promise.

The lamentations of the women of the tribe of Wahydyah were loud and incessant: but Ishmael remained wrapped in a shroud of impenetrable gloom. He could not weep, for the fountain of his tears was dried up. The grief of his father was deep, but it was calmer than that of his kindred. He superintended the funeral of the hapless Miriam. She was interred in the sands under the majestic palm-trees, beneath which he

had so frequently reposed, without disturbing the emblem of her faith, which the Christian virgin had never for one moment ceased to wear upon her breast.

The grief of Ishmael was profound. It was in vain that his father offered him food—that he spoke to him of the interests of his tribe, and of the wars with which it was threatened. He could never obtain from him a single syllable in reply. But the repose of this simple family was menaced soon after this sad catastrophe, by the Aga of Gaza; and a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Dead Sea, in the land of the Moabites, was decided upon by the elders of the tribe. They were all occupied in preparing for their departure, when, towards the close of the day before that on which they were to have set out, the sun appeared surrounded by a crimson halo: the skies, wild and overcast, yielded a lurid light: the birds flew towards the west, skimming, in continual circles, along the boundless plain: the heavens seemed luminous, while the air was gloomy and opaque. The palm-tree let fall its flexible branches to the earth, as if it too had partaken of the general blight, and the plaintive cries of animals in the vast solitudes around, announced, in language not to be misunderstood, the approach of the merciless simoom, the pestilential wind, the terror of the desert.

Ishmael smiled in the anticipation of this awful visitation. He repaired to the grave of his beloved Miriam, removed the sand that covered her beautiful form, pressed the relic that reposed upon her bosom to his heart, in token that he had forsworn the creed of his tribe and embraced that of the daughter of Ebn Temym: and then, removing the veil from her alabaster face, gazed once more upon it with the pure and delighted consciousness that he should soon be reunited to her for ever in that blissful land, in which thirst, weariness, and blight, are

equally unknown. The features of his beloved were still unwasted by decay. She seemed to smile upon her Ishmael, and to rejoice that he had adopted the religious belief of her people. "Come, my beloved," she appeared to say, "thou art now exclusively my own: leave thy vale of tears for those blissful habitations which are prepared for the devoted followers of the merciful and omnipotent God of Miriam and Ebn Temym." "I obey thy call," he replied, implanting a fervid kiss upon her marble brow—"I come. Take, adored of my soul, the chaste embrace of thy bridegroom of the tomb: the links that bind me to earth will soon be broken, and we shall then, if I am not deceived by the impulses newly stirring within me, be reunited for ever.

His voice was the voice of a prophecy, too speedily to be fulfilled. A dark red cloud rose in the east, the whirlwind made a chaos of the tranquil desert, the date-trees were plucked up by the roots, and sandy billows rolled over the plain. In this fearful inundation the son of Ahmed disappeared: the surging sand swept over him as he bent to kiss the forehead of his Miriam. He sleeps the sleep of death with the daughter of Ebn Temym.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

That part of Palestine which lies to the east of Jerusalem has always been exposed to the attacks of bands of Arabs, who not only carry on habitual incursions, but have regularly established themselves on the line of the principal high roads, where they cause every traveller deeply to rue his temerity if he proceed without the security of a strong armed guard, or without having propitiated, by liberal gifts, some great chief of the Desert.

The Dragomans are a class of learned men, versed in the Oriental language, descended from old Genoese or Venetian settlers. They are attached to the European embassies or consulates, as few Europeans understand the Turkish language. Their learning commands respect from the Moslems; and as some are possessed of a knowledge of the healing art, they not unfrequently act as physicians. Hakim is synonymous with doctor. The Dragoman and his family are protected from all operations of the Turkish law.

The fountain of Engaddi is a celebrated oasis in the Syrian desert, and is eloquently described by Sir Walter Scott in the "Talisman":—"They were now arrived at the knot of palm trees and the fountain, that welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion. This spot of beauty, in the midst of a sterile desert, was a scene which, perhaps, elsewhere would have deserved little notice; but as a single speck in a boundless horizon, which promised the blessing of shade and living water, these blessings, held cheap where they are common, rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise."



VII.

Sadak and Kalasrade.



ADAK'S "Adventures in search of the Waters of Oblivion" would have been the most fitting title for this story, which is by the same author and in the same volume as the "Talisman of Oromanes," and it has, from the time of its appearance, always been highly estimated. The lessons of patience and fortitude that are engendered in the trials of Sadak, and the constancy and truth of the fair Kalasrade, have a most captivating effect on the minds of youth.

For we may, with the poet, ask—

What is the mystery of human life ?
In rude or civilised society,
Alike a Pilgrim's Progress through the world
To that which is to come, by the same stages ;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way !

Sadak's rejection of the "Waters of Oblivion," and his acknowledgment that afflictions were meant as blessings to increase his faith, is perfectly consistent with his religion, as patience under suffering is a characteristic trait of the Moslems.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue :
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.

The Amurath of the story will not correspond with the history of either of the sultans bearing that name. Amurath I. was a great and enlightened prince, severe but just ; he was a strict observer of the religion of the Koran ; he died of a wound received in battle, 1389, at the age of seventy-one, after a reign of thirty years.

SADAK AND KALASRADE.

THE fame of Sadak lives yet in the plain of Erivan, where he drew the bow of the mighty, and chased the enemies of his faith over the frozen mountains of the north. When Amurath gave peace to the earth, Sadak retired with his beloved Kalasrade to the palace of his ancestors, which was situated on the banks of the Bosphorus, and commanded one of the most beautiful prospects in the world. Sadak, though furious and impetuous in the field, was elegant and amiable in his happy retreat, where fancy and delicacy preserved their pre-eminence over the richest productions of unrestrained nature.

The palace of Sadak stood upon a wide-extended terrace, which overlooked the sea and the opposite shores of Europe; a deep and noble grove sheltered it behind, and on each side hills and valleys diversified the rural scene. The gardens of the palace, though wild and irregular, yet afforded the most delightful retirement; and Sadak found in its bosom pleasures far superior to the splendid pageants of the Othman court. To increase the bliss of this earthly paradise, his favourite fair one had blest him with a numerous progeny; and as Sadak and Kalasrade sat under the shade of the lofty pines, their children wantoned and sported on the plains before them. The spirit of their father was in the lively contests of his sons; and maternal delicacy dimpled on the cheeks of the daughters of Kalasrade. The happy pair saw their own virtues reflected from their children: and Sadak, having already earned this elegant retreat by the toils of war, was resolved to dedicate the rest of his days to the improvement of his beauteous offspring.

Kalasrade, though her charms were as yet undiminished by age, harboured not a wish in which her noble Sadak was unconcerned; all her joy was centred in Sadak: her heart rejoiced not but when Sadak appeared; and her soul, uneasy at a moment's absence, panted after Sadak her lord. The love of Sadak equalled the affections of his beloved: he gazed every hour with new transports upon her charms; none but Kalasrade engaged his thoughts, none but Kalasrade shared in his affections. Time, which impairs the impetuous sallies of desire, increased the holy flame of their love; and their retirement grew more and more agreeable, as they more and more experienced the purity of its joys. But Sadak indulged not wholly on the sofa of pleasure: his sons required his presence with them in the chase; he led them forth to manly sports, and trained them to the exercise of arms. His four sons followed their father Sadak daily to the plains of Rezeb, where they strove for mastery in the race, and pointed their arrows at the distant mark.

“O my father!” said Codan, the eldest of his children, as they were on the plain, where Sadak was drawing the bow-string to his breast, “a black cloud arises from the grove, and flames of fire burst through its sides!” Sadak quickly turned his eyes toward the wood, which sheltered his palace, and saw the sparks and the flame ascending over the tops of the trees. “My children,” said Sadak, with a firm countenance, “fear not; continue your sport on the plain till I return: I will leave four slaves with you, the rest shall follow your father to this grove of fire.” Though Sadak was unwilling to terrify his children, he knew full well the misfortune which had befallen him. His palace was in flames, and the doating husband hastened with his slaves to the relief of his beloved Kalasrade and her daughters. Sadak first reached the burning palace. The slaves of

the house, terrified at the fire, were flying into the woods. He commanded them back, and asked if Kalasrade and her little ones were safe. Seeing their consternation, he flew toward the apartment of his beloved, which was situated in one of the inner courts ; and though the devouring flames endeavoured to bar his passage, the firm Sadak pressed through the fire into the apartments of Kalasrade. "Kalasrade !" said Sadak, "my beloved Kalasrade! where art thou?" Kalasrade answered not. Sadak lifted up his voice still higher—"Kalasrade! my beloved Kalasrade! where art thou?" Kalasrade answered not. Sadak, though terrified at not discovering his beloved, yet searched every part of the harem, till he came to the apartments of his three daughters, who, with their female slaves, were fallen on the earth, every moment expecting to be devoured by the flames.—"Arise, my children, said Sadak, and be comforted at the presence of your parent. But where is your mother? Where is my beloved Kalasrade?"—"Alas, answered the children of Sadak, "we know not : some slaves forced our dear parent from her apartments, as she was hastening to our relief." "Then," answered Sadak, "blessed be my prophet, she is safe! But come, my daughters," continued their father, "you must not delay your escape ; the fire makes hasty strides upon us. Come, my children, to my arms, and I will bear you through the flames : but first let us dip in the bath, lest the fire seize on our garments." As they passed the female baths, they dipped themselves in the basin ; and the slaves followed their master's example.

Sadak, arriving at the entrance where the flames had reached, resolutely took up his two eldest children, and carried them through the flames ; then again returning, "I will either," said he, "rescue my youngest, or perish with her." His youngest fainted with fear as soon as her father had left her, and Sadak

found her stretched on the ground, with but little signs of life. All the female slaves, following their master Sadak, had escaped out of the harem, except one faithful creature, who rather resolved to die with her young mistress than leave her exposed to the flames. Sadak snatched up his dear treasure in his arms, and commanded the faithful slave to take hold of his garment, and follow him through the flames. Happily the wind had turned the fire toward a different part of the palace, so that Sadak had less danger to encounter in the second effort than in the first. The resolute Sadak, having rescued his children, inquired of his slaves where they had conveyed his dear Kalasrade; but none could give answer to the question of their lord. The slaves were now all gathered together in a body; but four of their number were missing, besides those who continued with the son of Sadak on the plain.

As little more could be rescued from the flames, Sadak left only ten slaves about the palace to recover what they were able: the rest he sent into different parts of the grove, and to the villages around, to seek for their mistress Kalasrade and her slaves: six he dismissed with his daughters to the plains of Rezeb, commanding them, with their attendants, to join his sons, and seek some shelter and refreshment in a neighbouring village, and leaving orders for his beloved Kalasrade, if she were found, to retire to her children. Sadak then went through the most unfrequented paths, and into the loneliest parts of the wood, to seek his beloved, calling upon her as he passed along, and pronouncing the names of the slaves that were missing. This he continued till night had thrown her sable garments on the earth, and he had compassed his palace every way around for several miles, when he resolved to turn again to his palace, and inquire of his slaves concerning his beloved Kalasrade. He passed through the woods, guided by

the red glare of light which the clouds reflected from the fire that had nigh consumed his dwelling, and entered the further part of the terrace, whereon stood the few remains of his once elegant building. The flames, insatiated with their former cruelties, seemed to rekindle at his presence. His slaves came weeping toward him, but could give no tidings of their amiable mistress ; and Sadak, who in the morning had looked with the utmost satisfaction on the lively scenes around him, now saw the melancholy face of nature, enlightened with the dusky gleams of his own unexpected ruin.

But yet the wreck of nature could not have disturbed Sadak more than the loss of his beloved : he doubted not but that the fire was kindled by those slaves who had torn Kalasrade from his arms ; and, though he felt within himself the deepest affliction, his blood curdled with horror when he reflected on the tenfold distresses which encompassed the pure and spotless partner of his affections. "O Allah !" said the trembling Sadak, "fortify my faith, and teach me, even in the horrors of this night, to believe that mercy triumphs over evil, and that the paths of destruction are controuled by thy all-seeing power ! To me all is confusion, misery, and terror ! But thou seest through the dark abyss, and guidest the footsteps of the just in the valleys of desolation ! Nevertheless, O thou Just One ! forgive the sinking of my soul, and pour the virtuous balm of hope into the wounded spirit of thine afflicted servant !" The bounteous Allah heard the voice of his servant, and the heart of Sadak was fortified and strengthened with religious hope.

Having disposed of what effects his slaves had rescued from the flames in a place of security, Sadak hastened to the village where his children were assembled, and, disguising the severer pangs he felt himself, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his fond family for the loss of their mother. Several of Sadak's

friends soon joined him in the village; and the relations of his wife offered to take care of his children, while he went in search of Kalasrade and his villainous slaves. Sadak, with thankfulness, embraced the offer of Mepiki, the father of his beloved; and, having tenderly embraced his children, directed his steps toward the sea-side, and crossed in one of his feluccas to the city of Constantinople.

No sooner was Amurath seated on his throne in the divan, than Sadak fell prostrate before him.—“My brave soldier,” said Amurath, “arise. The world, Sadak,” continued the prince, “talks largely concerning your happiness; and those who envy not the Othman crown, yet pant after the elegant and peaceable retirements of the fortunate Sadak. Has Sadak then a wish ungratified, that he comes thus an humble suppliant at a monarch’s feet?” “The smiles of his prince,” answered Sadak, “are a soldier’s joy: and in the sunshine of those smiles did Sadak live an envied life, till one dark cloud interposed, and blasted the ripe fruit of Sadak’s joy.” “What means my Sadak?” answered Amurath. “While I led my sons to the plain,” replied Sadak, “to teach them the duties which they owed their prince, the flames seized my peaceful dwelling; and ere I could return to the rescue of my beloved Kalasrade, four slaves had dragged her away, and I and my attendants have in vain been seeking her in the woods and plains that surround my habitation: wherefore, O Amurath! I come a suppliant to thy throne to ask redress of thee.” “That,” answered Amurath, “brave soldier! thou shalt have; my hasnadar baski shall pay thee twice the value of thine house; thou shalt have twenty of my slaves: and as to thy beloved, go where fancy leads thee, and seek a new Kalasrade.” The words of Amurath were as the arrows of death in the heart of Sadak; and he said, “let the hand of justice overtake the robbers, and let the power of

my lord restore Kalasrade to my arms." "Kalasrade," answered Amurath, "has, doubtless, been so long in your slaves' possession, that she is ere this contented with her lot : instead of being the slave of one, she is now the mistress of four. But why should a weak female trouble the brave soldier's heart? The chance of war gives them to our arms ; and, as they change their lords, our females change their love."

As the blasted oak is torn by the thunderbolt, so was the heart of Sadak rent by the words of Amurath : but he concealed the storms that shook his breast, and, bowing to the earth, departed from the divan. He applied himself that day to inquire in the Bezestein and public market-places concerning Kalasrade and his four slaves ; and, hearing no tidings of them there, he went to the water-side, among the levents, or watermen ; but none could give him the least account of the fugitives. The sorrows of Sadak bore heavy on his heart, but they did not prevent him from making a regular and strict search on the opposite shores both of Europe and Asia. Several months passed in a fruitless inquiry, without the least discovery either of his slaves or the manner of their escape.

The gentle Kalasrade, in the meantime, suffered still severer afflictions. On the morning in which she was torn from her lord she was seated on a sofa, with her slaves around her, when she heard from several quarters of the palace a cry of "Fire !" and in an instant saw the blaze ascend in three different parts. All was confusion and distress : Kalasrade forgot not her children ; but was hastening to their apartment, when four slaves broke in upon her, and forced her out of the palace. They flew with their prize to one extremity of the terrace, where a small galley, which was concealed by the trees which overshadowed the water, waited for her arrival. The distracted Kalasrade was delivered to an old eunuch in the galley, who

instantly threw a thick black veil over her head, and threatened to cast her into the sea if she cried out or resisted. The threats of the eunuch were vain; Kalasrade feared no greater misfortune than the loss of Sadak, and she filled the air with her lamentations. The eunuch, finding his remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the windows of the galley, and urged the rowers to hasten away with their prize.

Kalasrade, being enclosed in the galley, knew not to what shore she was carried; but ere long the vessel struck upon the ground; and ten black eunuchs entering the galley, they wrapped a covering of silk around her, and conveyed her away. After some time they stopped, and uncovered the unfortunate Kalasrade, to give her breath. The beauteous mourner looked around her, and saw she was in a garden planted with cypress trees. She fell at the feet of him who seemed to have the command of his brethren, and besought him to have compassion on the miseries of a distressed mother and an injured wife. The eunuchs made no answer to the entreaties of Kalasrade; but he who commanded the rest made a sign for them to fling the silken covering over Kalasrade, and to bear her away.

It was not long before the slaves made a second halt, and took off the silken covering again from Kalasrade, and retired. The beauteous wife of Sadak lifted up her veil, as soon as she perceived the slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure room, the windows of which were guarded with iron bars. In one corner of the room stood a pot of boiled rice, and beside it a pitcher of water. Kalasrade hastened to the door, but the slaves had made it fast without. Seeing all possibility of escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the wretched Kalasrade threw herself on the earth, and, with tears and sighs intermixed, thus poured forth her griefs: "O whither

am I carried from the arms of my beloved! Where was Sadak, the light of mine eyes, when the hands of the oppressor was on the bosom of his Kalasrade! Where was the strength of his arm, and the fierceness of his countenance, when they tore his Kalasrade from the nest of her little ones! O faithful Sadak, whither am I borne from the light of thine eyes! Whither am I carried from the smiles which refreshed my heart! Did we not, O Sadak! divide the light and the darkness together! In the bosom of Sadak I hid me from the storm; in the arms of Sadak his beloved triumphed.

“Ah, Sadak! Sadak! hear the voice of Kalasrade, ere the vile ravisher come and despoil thee of thy treasure! My love for thee, O Sadak! has been pure as the rain-drops; and the thoughts of Kalasrade have not wandered from her lord. In the morning I joyed not at the sun, but as he gave to mine eyes the image of my beloved. When Sadak arose, my heart was poured out in a sigh: when he led his sons to the chase—ah, wretched chase!—my eyes went with him to the grove; but my thoughts followed him to the plain. When he returned, his presence was like the sprightly notes of music to my soul: when he smiled, he was cheerful as the light of the morning. When he spoke, his words were as the dews of heaven on the fruitful bosom of the earth; and his motion was graceful as the waving of the palm-tree on the brow of the mountain. Oh, who has divided my beloved from mine arms! Ah, Kalasrade! thou art as the traveller among the wolves of the forest; thou art as a stranger bewildered in the snowy plain!”

Kalasrade vented her sighs undisturbed for several days; no one appearing but an old female mute, who daily brought her some boiled rice and a pitcher of water, which, though but scanty, was more than sufficient for the beauteous wife of

Sadak. During this interval it was impossible for Kalasrade to guess at the meaning of her confinement, and, seeing no one come to molest her, she began to bear her situation with more temper; though still, like the turtle, her moans after Sadak were every moment indulged, and her fears for her children renewed the horrors of her mind. At length one of her own black slaves, who had assisted in forcing her way, appeared. He was dressed in a green robe, and wore a yellow turban on his head. As he entered the room, Kalasrade retired as far as she was able; but he, with a horrid grin, advanced, and seized her by the arm.

The beauteous Kalasrade, finding herself in the power of the black slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the room with her cries; but he, regardless of her tears or her entreaties, and in a rough and determined tone, acquainted her with his love, and that he intended to make her his mistress. At these words Kalasrade redoubled her cries, and the slave proceeded to press her in his arms; when, in an instant, fifty eunuchs rushed into the apartment; and, seizing on the black slave, delivered Kalasrade from his embraces. The wife of Sadak was astonished at the new scene of wonders which she beheld: but her heart soon returned to its former fears, when she beheld the mighty Amureth approach.—“Let that slave,” said the monarch, “repay with his life the injuries he has done to this perfection of beauty!”

The distressed Kalasrade, hearing the command of Amurath, fell at the feet of her prince, and said—“Lord of thy slaves, whom Allah has sent to the relief of the distressed, behold the handmaid of thy servant Sadak before thee! As Sadak, mighty prince! was teaching his sons to walk in the paths of their father, four of his slaves, having set fire to his dwelling, rushed into the harem, and bore me away to a galley; in which

throwing a blind over me, they conveyed me to this wretched hut, where, till to-day, I have been indulged in my silent woes. But a few moments ago this base slave entered, whom I suspect to be the author of my misfortunes, and was about to compel me to bear his filthy love, when the guards of my lord rushed in, and preserved me from his villainous malice : wherefore, mighty lord ! permit thy slave to depart ; and, if it please thee, gracious prince ! let a few of these my deliverers convey me from this slave's house to Sadak, thy servant." As Kalasrade uttered these words, Amurath made a sign to his eunuchs to withdraw ; and taking the lovely Kalasrade by the hand, he bid her arise. "Beauteous Kalasrade !" said he, "I am pleased at your artless tale, yet are you much deceived ;—you are not in a slave's house, fair mistress of my heart ! but in the garden of thy Amurath's seraglio." At these words the countenance of Kalasrade changed, a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks, and she fell on the earth, as a flower cut off from its root by the stormy wind. Although Amurath called in immediate assistance, it was long before they could restore motion and life to the miserable Kalasrade, who, as soon as she beheld the countenance of Amurath, again sunk to the earth.

After some time, when the distressed Kalasrade was a little recovered, Amurath thus began : "It is beneath the lord of the earth to disguise his thoughts, or to wear a countenance which accords not with his heart. No, my lovely Kalasrade ! hypocrisy is a slave's portion ;—the sun knows no shadow, and Asia's monarch knows no restriction. Wherefore, Kalasrade, shall not any longer feel the tortures of a doubt, or the shackles of fear. Know, then, lovely fair-one, that I was jealous of my slave Sadak, who boasted joys superior to those which attend his prince, and I issued forth the law of my

mind—that he should be cut off for his presumption. While the janissaries were making ready to obey my commands, I considered that death alone was not a sufficient recompense for his folly ; and therefore I determined to add suspense to the tortures which the rebel had merited at my hands. For this purpose, I gave orders to the chief of my eunuchs to corrupt some of his slaves, who were to fire his dwelling in different parts, and to bring away his Kalasrade to my seraglio. Not that I intended, beauteous fair-one, to exalt thee to my notice—no, the wife of Sadak was a personage too low for Amurath to stoop to—but having heard that you also gloried in your Sadak, I resolved that you should live, confined in an ignominious hut, on the coarsest food for some days ; which being executed, I commanded one of your slaves to go in unto you, and make you subservient to his will. But my anger was so hot against you, that this was not sufficient revenge, unless I were an eye-witness of your distress. For this purpose a secret stand was contrived for me behind this hut, where I could, unobserved, behold all that passed. Hither I came with the slave, just in time to see him enter before you. But, O lovely Kalasrade ! what was my emotion when I beheld the charms which I was about to sacrifice to my revenge ! The moment I saw your irresistible beauties, I vowed the vile slave should die, who even in thought had attempted to profane your charms. I made a sign for my eunuchs to rush in and seize him ; and ere this his accursed blood is poured on the earth, as an atonement for his insolence. But this is not all that Amurath will do for the mistress of his heart ; and the happy Kalasrade may rejoice that the presumption of Sadak was not unnoticed by his lord. Your short troubles, O Kalasrade ! have been productive of the greatest joy your sex can feel ; for know that you have

engaged the affection of the mighty Amurath ; and he, who will not depart from the words of his lips, doth here call Mahomet to witness, that Amurath will make his beloved Kalasrade the sultana of his heart."

The tender Kalasrade was overcome with the words of Amurath, and she sunk into the arms of the chief of the eunuchs, who stood behind her. "Doubor," said Amurath, "I perceive Kalasrade's joy has overpowered her. While she is in the trance of happiness, too great for her mortal nature to live under, let her be conveyed to the richest apartments of the seraglio, where the favourites of our race enjoy the converse of their lords ; and let all homage be paid to her who is destined to share in the pleasures of Amurath." While Doubor and the rest of the eunuchs waited to perform the will of their prince, Amurath returned to the seraglio, and entered the baths ; and afterwards arrayed himself in his most sumptuous robes. He then sent to inquire of the chief of his eunuchs whether Kalasrade was recovered. The chief of the eunuchs came with the countenance of sorrow. "What !" said Amurath trembling, as he saw the posture of his slave, "is not the beauteous Kalasrade arisen from the slumber of transport?" "Lord of life !" answered Doubor, "we have used every secret of physic in vain ; our beauteous mistress still slumbers on the sofa whereon we conveyed her."—"If so," replied Amurath, "let us hasten to the adjoining apartment, where I may behold, unseen, the joy which will awaken in her breast as her eye-lids unfold to her the splendours that surround her."

After Amurath had been some time stationed in his secret stand, the lovely Kalasrade opened her eyes, and beheld the magnificent apartment into which she had been conveyed. The beauteous wife of Sadak, seeing the mutes standing on each side of her, the fair female slaves fallen prostrate in two

rows before the steps of the sofa, and the eunuchs, with folded arms and downcast eyes at a distance, shrieked aloud ; and clapping her hands together in wild despair, cried out, " O Sadak ! Sadak ! save me from this pompous horror !" She then, in frantic haste, tore off the magnificent bracelets of diamonds which, during her fainting, had been fastened to her arms, and the rich girdle of rubies which adorned her waist, the pearls and emeralds which were hung upon her bosom ; and, looking on herself, " If I have anything," said she, " that may tempt the lawless to injure Sadak's love, thus will I sacrifice it to our mutual truth !"

As she spoke these words she fastened her delicate hands on her cheeks ; and before the eunuchs, who instantly ran toward her to prevent her intentions, could seize her, she had marked her features with streams of blood. The disappointed Amurath could no longer contain himself ; but he entered the apartment just as the blood was starting from the lovely cheeks of the wife of Sadak. " Slaves," said he, " your lives shall answer this neglect ! your base folly has robbed me of all my joys. Behold ! my Kalasrade is defiled with blood, and Amurath must abstain from her embrace ! But, if these deserve death, what torture should await the wretched and foolish Kalasrade, who presumes to value the caresses of a slave, when the mighty Amurath hath received her into the seraglio of his pleasures ?" " Alas, mighty prince !" said the distracted Kalasrade, falling at his feet, " who can absolve the plighted vow ? or "———" Polluted slave !" said Amurath, starting from her, " defile not my garments with thy touch, nor mine ears with thy rebellion ! For three days shall I leave thee, till thou art washed from the stains of this frantic deed ; at the end of which time, either prepare to receive my caresses, or expect to see the head of Sadak blackening in the sun

before the windows of the seraglio." At these words the incensed Amurath left the fair Kalasrade weeping on the ground, and retired to a different part of the palace. But he gave orders that the chief of his eunuchs should attend her, to see that she was purified from the stain of her blood. The disconsolate fair one gave herself up to perpetual grief, and refused to taste the delicacies that were set before her, although Doubor on his knees besought her to consider the dreadful consequences of offending his lord. To these remonstrances Kalasrade answered little ; her mind was full of the mighty ills which she suffered, and she could conceive nothing more dreadful than the embraces of Amurath.

As she sat the second day on her sofa, musing on her dear absent Sadak, she perceived a small bird perch on one of the windows which looked toward the gardens of the seraglio ! which, hopping from thence to her hand, opened its little throat, and began its artless lay. As the bird left off singing, Kalasrade, though she was astonished at its tameness, yet began to stroke it, and said, "Thou, pretty chorister ! art mistress of the air, and Heaven hath adorned thee with the wings of liberty ; thou buildest thy nest beyond the trace of human malice, and soarest abroad where no Amurath can impede thy flight."

The moans of Kalasrade were interrupted by a small voice which, at first the beauteous wife of Sadak could scarcely believe was uttered by the little bird ; till, listening with attention to it, she distinguished the following words :—

"Start not, lovely mistress of Sadak's wishes ! at the voice of a bird. The most trifling causes can, in the hands of strength, produce the greatest effects—as the instructions of Allah were conveyed to the holy prophet of Mecca by the whispers of a dove. My station appears envious to Kalasrade,

because she conceives me the offspring of liberty. Her fancy represents me on the wings of pleasure and enlargement: she sees me soaring in Heaven's broad path, but forgets my toils in the grove and my labours in the field. If the light feather, which bears me on the thin surface of the air, makes me man's superior in flight, yet the artifice of human inventions again subjects my weaker understanding a prey to contrivance: but it is enough for me, Kalasrade, to know that I am the creature of Allah, who has, in wisdom, appointed to everything living its proper station and bounds.

“At present, indeed, I seem to have transgressed those bounds; but it is in obedience to my mistress Adiram, who presides over the faithful family of Sadak: it is she who speaks in me, and who means to speak comfort to the heart-broken Kalasrade: she it is that saith,—O beauteous mourner, and slave of the oppressor, fear not misfortunes, which are the tests of virtue, and not the rotten fruit of infirmity. The malicious shall not always triumph! the staff whereon the wicked lean shall rot and decay. When clouds hover above the fields, the drops of fatness descend; when the storm passeth over the city, the days of health are at hand. It is the glory of the faithful to bear afflictions with patience, and to oppose the temptations of evil with fortitude and firmness.” As the bird was continuing to speak the lessons of its mistress Adiram, the chief of the eunuchs entered the apartment, and the little chorister flew swiftly away through the window, among the trees in the garden of the seraglio.

Doubor, as he entered, approached to the sofa of Kalasrade, and fell prostrate before her. “Lovely Kalasrade!” said the trembling eunuch, “it is to the intercession of Elar, the father of thy lord, that Doubor owes the spirit which enlivens him. When Elar, the father of Sadak, fought by the side of Maho-

met, his lord, on the confines of Slavonia, and the inhabitants of Zagrab fled before him, my widowed mother with her family were among the number of the fugitives ; but, as she held a daughter in each hand, and was laden with me, an infant, on her back, she was soon unable to keep up with her brethren, whose concern was so urgent for themselves, that they refused to bear any part of her burthen. My mother Idan, finding it in vain to fly with her children, and resolving not to leave them behind her to the merciless fury of her enemies, sat down by the road-side ; and, while I hung on the breast, embraced, with the utmost tenderness, her two daughters. While she was thus mournfully employed, the outskirts of Mahomet's army appeared. Two janissaries first reached the miserable widow : they examined her features, but age had spread the veil of safety on her cheeks. The daughters of the wretched widow next excited their attention : the countenance of Liberak, the eldest, bedewed with tears, appeared like the melting snow, and the bloom of Hirab, the second, shone through the pearly drops that hung upon her face, as the rosebud laden with the dew of night. " Be this my prey !" said the first janissary, and seized on the elegant Liberak. " And this be mine !" said his ferocious comrade, fastening on the blush-covered Hirab.

Idan, my mother, awakening from her trance of sorrows by the rude onset of the two janissaries, called aloud on her Christian gods for relief, and held each daughter firmly by the hand, while the janissaries endeavoured to loosen her hold ; which the first, not effecting so easily as he hoped, drew his scymitar, and severed her hand and her daughter from the miserable Idan. His comrade, observing the brutal success of his fellow-soldier, drew his scymitar likewise, and was about to gain his prize by the same kind of cruelty, when Elar, the captain of the band,

rode up, and seeing the accursed design of the janissary, with his uplifted scymitar hewed him to the ground. The first janissary, seeing the fate of his comrade, fled; and Elar gave orders that Idan and her children should be preserved: he set a guard over her, and sent, with several slaves, one experienced in the knowledge of physic to bind up her wound. But the kind efforts of Elar were vain: my mother fainted with the loss of blood; and, before proper assistance could be procured, expired in the arms of her helpless daughters.

Liberak and Hirab, the children of Idan, fell on the face of their mother, and ceased not to mourn over their unhappy parent; neither could the attendants which Elar had provided prevail on them to receive the least refreshment. They continued, during the pursuit of the Turks after the Sclavonians, which lasted three days, immoveable on the body of their dead mother Idan, while I was nourished by one of the slaves of Elar. Sorrow and fatigue soon put an end to the lives of Liberak and Hirab, the duteous daughters of the deceased Idan! and I was left an helpless infant in the arms of the slaves of Elar, who, after the return of the army from pursuing their enemies, presented me to Elar, with an account of the death of my mother and my sisters. Elar, perceiving a liveliness in my looks, sent the slave with me to Mahomet, who gave orders that I should be admitted into his seraglio; and one of the first things I learnt there was this history, from the mouth of a slave who was appointed to be my nurse; wherefore be not surprised, O beauteous Kalasrade! at my affection for Sadak, the son of my lord Elar, by whose generous intercession I became a servant of Mahomet, and was afterwards, by the favour of the mighty Amurath, exalted to this post of confidence and honour. But, alas! how will my desire to serve Sadak be believed, when it is known that I, by

the command of Amurath, corrupted his slaves, and assisted them in bringing the wife of my lord into this seraglio! in deed, faithful Kalasrade! my ignorance must plead my excuse: bred up in this palace, I knew no law but the will of my master; and I believed that every female would esteem it her greatest happiness to enjoy the smiles of the mighty Amurath. But the despair of Sadak's beauteous wife, her constancy, and her contempt of every grandeur when the price of unfaithfulness, have convinced me how much more I have distressed the noble Sadak, and to what a precipice I have dragged the much-injured Kalasrade:—and yet what had my refusal to obey Amurath benefited your cause? Death had been my instant reward, and some more savage heart had been procured to direct the bloody resolves of Amurath against you. Yet I plead not my own excuse; but mean, ere it be too late, to serve the much-injured wife of Sadak, the son of my patron Elar."

"If you mean to serve me, Doubor," said the lovely Kalasrade—"though much I suspect the integrity of your tale—lead me this instant out of the seraglio, and waft me over to the dwelling of Sadak my lord."—"What!" answered Doubor, "is Kalasrade such a stranger to the watchful keepers of this seraglio, that she supposes it possible for any one to escape unobserved through the various guards which surround it? Know you not, beloved of Sadak! that numberless mutes and eunuchs watch it night and day within, and without are stationed a thousand janissaries both by water and by land? No, fair captive! there is no escape from these walls unless Amurath consent."—"Is this, base Doubor!" answered Kalasrade, "your promised comfort, that you officiously come to certify me of my ruin? Thou art, indeed a Christian renegade, and no Turk; for thou delightest to torment those whom thou

canst not save. O Sadak ! Sadak ! was it for this thy father Elar preserved this Christian's blood, that he should be the chief engine of Amurath's malice against thee ! Such tales as these are fitting to drive pity from a warrior's breast, and to justify the slaughter of those who spare neither sex nor age !"—"It were hard," answered Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "to condemn the fierce courser, because he cannot fly without the assistance of the earth whereon he bounds, or to extirpate the olive-tree, because it bears not the luscious clusters of the vine. Although Doubor is unable to release the fair Kalasrade, yet he may find some expedient to drive off the completion of Amurath's designs."

"Ah, faithful Doubor !" said Kalasrade, convinced of her injudicious hastiness ; "forgive the wild sallies of a distempered mind ; I am satisfied of your kind intentions, and I wait with impatience to hear your instruction and advice.—"The great foible of Amurath," replied the chief of the eunuchs, "is pride ; and even his love is subservient to the haughtiness of his soul."—"If so," answered Kalasrade, "interrupting him, "I will tempt his utmost anger, and merit his contempt ; I will sting his proud heart with taunts and revilings, and force him to cast me forth to public scorn."—"Alas !" answered Doubor, "you know not, beauteous Kalasrade ! the fury of Amurath : such behaviour would irritate him to invent new torments for Sadak, through whom he knows the heart of Kalasrade is soonest wounded : no, my lovely mistress ! you must use other arts, if you mean to preserve yourself unhurt in this impregnable seraglio. While Amurath thinks you love Sadak, no concession of yours will please him : he may, indeed, for a few hours, take a pleasure in your smiles ; but his jealous heart will soon awake, and his rage against the unfortunate Sadak will rekindle." "O, Doubor !" said

Kalasrade, "where will our mean advice end!"—"Fear not, constant Kalasrade!" answered the chief of the eunuchs; "I seek to deliver you even from the horrors of your own imagination. In the wide ocean is a large island, surrounded by inaccessible rocks and deceitful quicksands; in the centre of which, from a rising ground, runs a small spring, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them immediately forgets whatever has passed before in his life: but these waters are beset with such insurmountable difficulties, that no one hath ever been able to draw of that stream, though thousands have perished in the undertaking. When Amurath, then, next enters, lovely Kalasrade! into these apartments, appear submissive and humble before him: and when he presses you to accept of his love, promise to yield to his desires on one condition—that he procures for you the waters of oblivion, that you may forget all your former converse with Sadak, and be made fit to receive the conqueror of the earth."

"Ah! Doubor! Doubor!" answered Kalasrade, "how can I prevail upon myself, even in deceit, to speak so disrespectfully of Sadak, the beloved of my soul? O Sadak! may I be indeed the tyrant's mistress, when my base heart forgets its lord!" "Consider, faithful consort of Sadak," answered Doubor, "what otherwise may be your doom: better it is to speak in terms of disgrace of Sadak than to disgrace his love, by suffering the wild effects of Amurath's desires." "O, Doubor," said Kalasrade, "I had much rather submit to every lesser ill, than have my heart-strings broken by his hated embrace." "I had not dared to have staid thus long at the feet of Kalasrade," answered Doubor, "unless Amurath had sent me to soften your heart. I will now return, and prepare him to be received by the request of his sultana." "Ah, Doubor," said

Kalasrade, "if you mean to serve me, never again let me hear that detested name: sultana, to me, is a worse sound than poverty and contempt can frame." The chief of the eunuchs bowed to the earth, and withdrew from the presence of Kalasrade. "The tale of Doubor," said Kalasrade to herself, as the chief of the eunuchs, left the room, "may be only a fertile invention to amuse and soften the rigorous sorrows of my heart, but as they cannot change my fixed resolves, I will act as though I believed them. If there is truth in his words, his device may at worst put off for a time the misfortunes I have too much reason to dread."

The mind of Kalasrade was so greatly eased by the instructions of the bird of Adiram, and the devices of Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, that on the third day she suffered the slaves to adorn her, and partook of the delicacies which were set before her. In the evening, the slaves of the seraglio warned Kalasrade of Amurath's approach, and as he entered, the beauteous wife of Sadak fell with her face to the earth. "Kalasrade," said Amurath, "let me know, ere you rise from the earth to the blissful paradise of these arms, whether you have well weighed the difference between a slave's love and a monarch's favour, or is it necessary to compel you to be happy?" "Light of the faithful, and lord of the earth!" answered the prostrate Kalasrade, "the preference you have shewn an object unworthy of your notice, can never be sufficiently acknowledged by your slave. But, O, my lord! mention not the mighty honours you mean to heap upon me, lest my dazzled fancy totter with the towering thought, and my overcharged reflection sink into the long slumbers of eternal night." — "Blessed and unexpected change! said the transported Amurath, "raising up the trembling Kalasrade in haste, what were those sweet words that I suffered to fall so soon to the

earth—words valuable as the wide empire that I hold ! Repeat them, beauteous Kalasrade, ten thousand thousand times in mine ears, and ask your own reward for the sweet labour I have imposed upon you.”

“Alas ! alas !” continued Kalasrade, “what has my weak heart uttered in the ears of my prince ! Can the mighty Amurath stoop to raise a peasant’s daughter ? Shall the age-stricken wife of Sadak—shall the mother of a numerous family—shall the mean inhabitant of a cottage on the banks of the Bosphorus, become the favourite of Amurath, and the Sultana of the Othman court ? No, Kalasrade, foolish Kalasrade ! Amurath laughs at thy folly, and has raised thee to this height to make thy fall more terrible. As the humble tortoise is lifted up and borne on the pinions of the eagle, till his giddy sight swims at the wide prospect round him, and then hurled suddenly downward to the pointed rock, so shall Kalasrade be raised by the mock pageants of power, till it please those who delight in her miseries to cast her forth to infamy and scorn.” “By the sacred blood of that prophet which animates me, I swear, O Kalasrade, I mean to fulfil the words I have spoken, and thou alone shall be the sultana of my heart.” “But will the mighty Amurath consent to one request of his slave ; will he bear with his Kalasrade in one petition, in which her happiness is concerned ?” “Ah, Kalasrade,” said Amurath, starting, “beware of all past reflections ; for if the hated Sadak be the subject of thy request, thou shalt indeed be cast to infamy and scorn.”

“The name of him who has deserved Amurath’s hatred,” replied Kalasrade, “be far from the tongue of Kalasrade. O gracious prince ! dismiss such ungenerous suspicions from your mind. But that, alas ! is vain to hope, and I must still be wretched. No, mighty Amurath ! expect no happiness with

her who must ever disturb the joys with the mean thoughts of what she once has been. How shall I meet my prince with the noble ardour he requires, when my poor mind shall be weighed down with the remembrance of my former meanness?" "Ten thousand pleasures," replied Amurath, "shall hourly surround you; the sun and moon shall alike be witnesses of our eternal festivals; the dance, the song, the sprightly music, the masque, the feast, the public show, the private transport, shall all succeed in quick rotation, and drive from your pleased fancy every former thought. Each wish of your heart shall be so quickly gratified, your fertile mind shall toil to recollect its wants."

"Prince of my life!" answered Kalasrade, "though I must not doubt your power, nor your desire to please, yet will the mind, stretched out by the long scenes of pleasure, oft recoil upon its former self, and the sense of my unworthiness embitter the undeserved joys my prince shall fondly heap upon me."—"To prove my sincerity, and to show you how soon I mean to gratify every thought Kalasrade forms," said Amurath, "let me hear the request of your lips; but see it glance not upon Sadak's love."—"Gracious Amurath!" said Kalasrade, "forgive a slave's presumption, and I will speak."—"Speak the whole wishes of your heart," replied Amurath; "and if they are subservient to our love, though my empire were the price, I would purchase fair Kalasrade's peace."

"There is, my lord," said Kalasrade, "as I have heard, a spring, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them immediately forgets whatever has passed before in his life. Let my lord then swear unto his slave, that, ere he takes her to his arms, he will procure her a draught of that pleasant stream; and then Kalasrade shall be the slave of Amurath.

"Rather," said Amurath, "the mistress of my heart. Yes, lovely Kalasrade! I will swear by Mahomet, our holy prophet, not to present myself to you till I have procured you a taste of that stream, provided you can find any one within two days who can describe to me the place where it rises."

Kalasrade then fell at the feet of Amurath, and said, "thou hast made the heart of thy slave to rejoice; thou hast not only lifted her from obscurity, but thou hast renewed the streams of her life; that, having lost all memory of the past, she may seek to please her lord, without diffidence at the mean thoughts of her former state."

At these words Amurath left the fair Kalasrade, and hastened to call unto him the sage Balobor, who was acquainted with every natural production of the earth. "Balobor," said Amurath, "can you describe to me the place where that spring may be found, whose waters are of such a nature that whoever drinks them immediately forgets whatever has passed before in his life?" "If the mighty Amurath," answered the sage Balobor, "will permit me to return to my books, I will, ere the morning's sun, discover to my prince, if the earth produces such a spring, where it may be found."

The next morning, the sage Balobor appeared in the presence of Amurath, and said, "the Waters of Oblivion, O mighty Amurath, are preserved by a watchful race of genii, in a wide-extended island in the southern parts of the Pacific Ocean. The island itself is fortified by inaccessible precipices, and beset with pointed rocks, and around it are spread insidious quicksands, to prevent the approach of any vessel, and which sink with the weight of those who attempt to venture upon them. What dangers surround the spring, which is situated in the centre of the island, none can tell; for, although thou-

sands have attempted to seek after it, none have ever succeeded, but destruction has overwhelmed them in the very entrance of their toils."

At the words of the sage Balobor the countenance of Amurath was overcast with frowns, and the tempest which raged in his breast strove for utterance in his face ; but the disappointed monarch endeavoured to conceal his discontent, and retired from the apartment whither Balobor had been ordered to attend him.

"Sadak," said the monarch to himself, "the proud Sadak still pursues his inquiries after Kalasrade ; I will command him to appear in my presence, and heap the vengeance due to Kalasrade's falsehood on his head." Amurath then gave orders for the janissaries to bring Sadak before him, not by compulsion, but to consult with him, as one who had formerly experienced the favours of his lord. The janissaries found the melancholy Sadak instructing his little ones in the village whither they had retired from the flames of his palace. They showed him the signet of Amurath, and required his immediate attendance. "Alas !" said the afflicted mourner, "doth Amurath again mean to jest with his slave, that he calls me from this poor recess ? Unless the trumpet sound, what call hath Sadak to the court of kings ? But I obey ; obedience and submission are the most welcome tributes that a slave can offer."

The janissaries, having brought the wretched Sadak into the presence of Amurath, retired. "Brave soldier !" said Amurath, "hath the peaceful sloth of retirement yet unstrung your manly heart, or are you still the undaunted warrior I once knew you ? Can the shrill trumpet's sound, and the hollow murmurs of the brazen cymbal, rouse the fire of war in all your soul, or are you relaxed by the soft voice of love into the inactive slumbers of a life of ease ? Say, brave companion of

my former toils, were Amurath again to take the field, would Sadak headlong plunge into the rapid stream? Would he, laden with war's heavy trophies, again climb the rugged precipice, or sleep on beds of snow, or stand undaunted in the bloody struggle of contending armies?" "Dead as I am to pleasure, noble Amurath!" said Sadak, "yet were my prince's voice to call me to the field, Sadak again should live in arms, and court the toils and horrors of war's bloody stage. Yes, Amurath, at thy command, this arm should fix the standards of our faith on Russia's frozen bounds, or on the burning sands of Afric's distant shore." "Brave, noble Sadak!" said the false Amurath, embracing him, "I cannot doubt your truth, though the base minions of my court have stained that name they long have envied with their mean surmises!" "A courtier's malice, mighty Amurath!" replied Sadak, "is beneath a soldier's notice, and best is answered, when occasion calls, by deeds which their dastard minds shall shudder to relate." "Such deeds," replied the artful monarch, "Amurath hath in store for Sadak's arms to execute—deeds which wear the fiercest countenance of danger, and which none but Sadak dares to undertake." "My prince," answered Sadak, "Sadak is ready to receive your commands, but the day is ill spent in words, when action can only prove my worth."

"Sadak," answered Amurath, "the malicious whispers of my courtiers concerning your worth, have much disturbed me; and I mean to-morrow, in the public divan, to give you a glorious opportunity of convincing their little souls how greatly the soldier towers above the advisers of the cabinet."

As the all-diffusive light of morn appeared, which shines alike upon the care-worn countenance of the guilty wretch, and on the open face of artless innocence, Amurath arose, impatient till the hour of public audience came; when, being

seated on his throne, amidst the nobles of his court, and seeing the faithful Sadak at the extremity of the divan, he thus began his deceitful speech: "Nobles and warriors, who by your counsels and exploits in arms cast varied lustre on my throne, say, where shall Amurath find that brave resolved heart who will engage to procure for him the Waters of Oblivion, which are preserved in a far-distant isle, defended by quicksands, monstrous rocks, the perils of the waves, and flames of fire? Genii are its guardians, and all nature is combined to save it from man's possession. Such an acquisition, nobles, would manifest to all the earth the superiority of your monarch, and the bravery of his subjects: who is there, then, among your ranks dares hope to add such lustre to my throne, and such honour to himself? But speak not, nobles, unless a fixed resolve attend your speech. To undertake and not succeed would wither, and not increase, the laurels we have already won in arms; wherefore, be these the terms on which the noble adventurer issues forth: let him be sworn not to turn back till he have the water in his possession. Let him likewise forfeit his life, if he depart not in search of this water ere the remainder of this moon be worn away." As Amurath left off speaking, a general silence succeeded, and the eyes of all were turned upon Sadak.

The noble Sadak, perceiving no one offer, stood up, and advanced toward the throne. "Descendant of Mohammed, and lord of thy creatures!" said Sadak, and bowed before Amurath, "behold, the hand of thy slave is prepared to execute the desires of thy heart; and here I swear, in this august assembly, never to turn back till I have procured the waters; and ere three days be passed shall the face of Sadak be set toward the dangers that surround the fountain of oblivion."—"Thanks, noble Sadak!" said Amurath aloud, "thanks for

this proffered service, which my nobles feared to undertake: and thus I swear before the face of Heaven, that when Sadak returns I will make either him or one of his family the second in honour throughout all my dominions.”—The beguiled Sadak understood not the base meaning of his lord; but he fell at his feet, and kissed the earth whereon Amurath stood.

The chief of the eunuchs, seeing the noble Sadak on the divan, passed by his side as he was retiring, and whispered, “Wait a few minutes, much-injured Sadak, and I will convey into your hands the words of comfort.” Sadak was astonished at the speech of the eunuch; and now his heart began to misgive him, and tumults arose in his breast. Before the crowd were dissipated out of the divan, the eunuch slipped a note into Sadak’s bosom, and the much-afflicted warrior retired with it to the rocks which are behind the city, and there read as follows:

“Doubor, who oweth his life to the generous interposition of thy father Elar, is distressed for his friend. Alas, noble Sadak, Kalasrade is in the royal seraglio, and Amurath is—what my hand dare not write! He alone, who has undertaken to procure the Waters of Oblivion is able to enter the seraglio of Amurath. Doubor has no command without; but should Sadak escape through the janissaries, and scale the wall at the eastern part of the gardens, Doubor will this night watch his approach, and convey him to the apartments of the wretched Kalasrade. May Allah forbid that the life which Elar saved should be sacrificed by the imprudence of Sadak!”

Sadak returned to the city in order to procure such things as might be necessary to assist him in his undertaking. Going to the Bezestein, he ordered an iron to be made with five hooks, and an eye in the centre; and at the silk merchant’s bought a cord of silk fifty feet in length: he

also purchased a small iron trowel and a poniard. Having these things in his possession, in the evening he went down to the water-side, between Pera and Constantinople, and, suddenly unloosing a small boat, he launched it into the gulf Keratius, and swiftly rowed to Riscula, which is on a rock, near the shore of Asia, facing the eastern part of the seraglio. Here the determined Sadak rested on his oars, till the clouds of night had shortened the vigilant sight of the janissaries, and the tide was fallen from the walls of the palace; when, paddling toward the seraglio, he advanced in his boat within six hundred paces of the shore. A part of the guard, who were then going round on the beach to examine the walls, halted at the noise of Sadak's oars, and made a signal for a galley which lay near them to come up. The slaves in the galley obeyed the janissaries, and, coming along-side the shore, took them on board. The janissaries directed them to row toward the place where they imagined they had heard the paddling of oars, and in a few minutes Sadak perceived one of the sultan's galleys advancing toward him. The bold Sadak, pleased at the success of his stratagem, gently glided out of the boat into the water, and diving wide of the galley, sometimes rising for breath, and at other times continuing to strike forward under the water, he in a short time reached the shore, and landed between Sera Burni and the gate Topcapu, through which his beloved was hurried by the slaves of the seraglio.

Sadak, knowing that his time must not be wasted, as the janissaries, finding no one in the boat, would soon return to the shore, immediately pulled out the iron with five hooks, and the silken cord, and fastening them together, he threw the hook over the wall, which catching on the top, by means of the silken cord, Sadak raised himself up on the wall; then again fixing the hook on the inner side, in such a manner as

he might loosen it from the wall, by shaking the cord backward and forward, he quickly descended into the gardens of the seraglio, and, unhitching the iron from the wall with a few shakes of the cord, he took out his trowel, and buried them in the earth; then hastening towards a thicket of small trees and shrubs, he hid himself therein.

Here Sadak had time to recollect his thoughts; but he was hardly covered by the bushes, before he heard the galley on the opposite side of the wall strike against the shore, and could distinguish the voices of the janissaries descending from its sides. By their conversation he learned that they were alarmed at finding a boat without any one in it; and as they hastened toward the gate Topcapu, he doubted not but they would shortly raise the guards of the seraglio. In the midst of these thoughts Sadak heard the fall of feet approaching toward him; and presently one drew near the bushes, and was entering into the very place where Sadak was concealed. Although the mind of Sadak was more disturbed at the approach of the stranger than it had ever been in the field of blood, yet he neglected not to draw his poniard; and, as the stranger entered among the bushes, he seized him, and was about to strike the steel into his heart, when Doubor cried out, "O Sadak, destroy not thy friend!"

The spirits of Sadak, having been flurried by the noise of the janissaries, made him forget the appointment of Doubor to meet him in the garden; but, when he perceived it was the grateful eunuch, he dropped the poniard on the earth, and said, "O friend of my bosom! forgive the fears and the distraction of the miserable Sadak, who in mad fury had nearly sacrificed his comforter, and driven the poniard of suspicion into the breast of the tender-hearted Doubor!"—"Noble Sadak!" answered the chief of the eunuchs, "I wonder not

at your suspicions; it is a hard task for the brave to dissemble, or for the generous warrior to descend to the dark deeds of a midnight robber. But let us hasten toward the seraglio. Yet, before we issue forth out of this thicket let me help you to dress yourself in the habit of a mute; the garments are hidden in the thicket behind, and I was coming to see whether they were safe against your arrival, when you seized me by the arm." Sadak was pleased at the proposal of the chief of the eunuchs; and stripping himself, he left his own garments concealed in the thicket, and putting on the mute's habit, followed Doubor toward the seraglio. Doubor, advancing toward the seraglio, made a sign for the eunuchs that were placed at the gates to retire; and, entering, he bid his mute follow him to the apartments of Kalasrade. The joy of Sadak, at the thoughts of again viewing his beloved, and his fears, lest any unfortunate disaster should discover him, raised alternate storms in his breast; but the mighty warrior concealed in his countenance the strong passions which beset his heart. After passing through several galleries, the chief of the eunuchs arrived at the apartment of the beauteous Kalasrade, and was about to enter, when he perceived the royal sandals at the door. Doubor started back at the sight. "O Mohammed," said he in a whisper, "Amurath is risen in the dead of night, and entered into Kalasrade's apartment!"

The words of Doubor were as deadly poison to the heart of Sadak: the cold hand of death chilled his astonished blood, and his weak nature could scarcely sustain the mighty shock.

"O Doubor, Doubor!" said the wretched son of Elar, "support my conflicting frame, O Doubor. I am unable to bear this tenfold death. Ah! tyrant!—ah, my friend, if I strike, thou must perish; if I withhold my arm——O, wretched Sadak, wander not into that hell of thought.

O Mohammed ! O Allah ! have I deserved this torture ? If I have, strike with thy merciful thunder this rebellious heart ; if not, strengthen and support the wretch whom thou art pleased to load with ills past human thought. O that I were a worm, to be trodden under a giant's foot ! O that I were a toad, and my food corruption, that I were a camel in the desert, or an ass in the mill ! that I were aught but Sadak, the accursed of his prophet !” As the miserable Sadak thus poured forth his griefs in the bosom of his friend, the affrighted Doubor pressed his head, and covered it with the folds of his garment, that the voice of the wretched Sadak might not pierce the walls of the apartment, and raise the suspicion of Amurath ; but his utmost precaution could not prevent the sighs of Sadak, whose wounded and afflicted soul was as the wearied boar of the forest, when pierced with the darts and javelins of a thousand hunters.

In the midst of his sighs, the door of the apartment opened, Amurath came forth, and Sadak, leaving the bosom of Doubor, fell with his face toward the earth. “ Doubor !” said the sultan, “ where hast thou been ? and where are thy guards ? Who is that mute thou didst cherish in thy bosom ? and why art thou here in the dark hour of night ?” “ Lord of princes !” answered Doubor, “ when my master retired to his sofa, I went to examine the guard of eunuchs, and to see that thy slaves were faithful to their trust ; and at my return, perceiving that my lord was arisen, I called this mute to me, as I was unwilling to disturb my sultan with the feet of his guards, and followed thee to the apartment of the ever-blooming Kalasrade. But as I tarried here, waiting lest my lord should have any command for his slave to execute, the poor mute fell sick, and in pity I took him to my bosom ; as I have learned from the kindness which my lord shows his slaves, to copy, as far as my

poor and weak capacity will permit, the bright virtues of the favourite of Allah." "Doubor," said Amurath, "I commend your care ; but since the slave is ill, let him be sent to Kalasrade to nurse : the haughty fair one despises my condescending love, and the embraces of the son of Othman are grievous to the wife of Sadak ; wherefore, Doubor, see you place this slave on the sofa of Kalasrade, and let her fancy him her lover, till she fling her proud arms around him, and call him Sadak and her lord."

The heart of Doubor rejoiced at the words of Amurath ; but he concealed his joy, and said, "Will the glory of the Othman race first suffer me to attend him to the apartments of my sultan?" "Doubor," said Amurath, sternly, "have I said, and shall I recall my words ? Slave ! obey me instantly, and force this wretch into Kalasrade's arms !" The chief of the eunuchs, laying his hand upon his breast, bowed down and said, "The will of Amurath is the law of his slave."

No sooner was Amurath gone, than the chief of the eunuchs raised up Sadak, and said, "Son of Elar, friend of my bosom, first in my esteem, arise and perform the commands of Amurath." "Yes, faithful, generous Doubor, thou balsam of peace to my wounded soul, thou ray of heaven on the spirits of the afflicted ! I will arise and bless the great Fountain of happiness for the merciful change he has wrought in my favour. Now, Doubor, I am more than Amurath—I am about to enjoy a paradise, from which, O Allah ! grant the blood of Othman be for ever barred ! While the emperor of the world retires to a discontented sofa, Sadak shall revel in the rich pastures of unsatiated pleasure. But why do I delay to seek Kalasrade ? if life is short, how fleeting are the joys of life !" At these words, Doubor interposed : "Permit me, O fortunate Sadak !" said he, "to go first unto Kalasrade, and prepare her delicate

frame for your reception, lest the strong tide of returning happiness overpower her nature, and faintness, or death, again snatch her from the embrace of her beloved." The tender Sadak acquiesced in the reasons of the chief of the eunuchs, and Doubor hastened to impart to Kalasrade the arrival of her beloved. After a few minutes, Doubor returned, and entered with Sadak into the female apartments.

As the happy Kalasrade beheld the features of her lord under the disguise of a mute, she sprang forward, her eyes enlivened by the transports of her heart, and, with a fond surprise, half fearful, half overjoyed, she pressed him in her arms.

"By what stratagem," said Sadak eagerly, "hath Kalasrade rescued herself from the mighty Amurath?" "Monarch of my affections!" answered Kalasrade, "I challenge not the honour of the device; it is to Doubor's prudence that I owe my safety: he opened to me the cause of his friendship for the son of Elar, and advised me, when Amurath should again return to me, that I should use him deceitfully, and engage him by a vow not to come near me till he should procure for me the Waters of Oblivion." "And what concession," said the stern Sadak, "has Kalasrade made the sultan Amurath, to obtain from him this mighty and important vow?" "Alas! noble Sadak," said Doubor, interposing, "the wary sultan hath turned our toils upon ourselves, and we are caught in the snare which was laid for the foot of Amurath." "What, Doubor!" replied the astonished Kalasrade, "what doth thy ominous tongue, and the stern front of my offended lord, portend? Ah! said you not that Amurath hath entangled us? Hath he then, faithful Doubor! made a false use of my soothing words? Hath he defiled my honour by loose hints? Now, on my soul, brave Sadak! the tyrant lies; never, never, in word or thought, hath Kalasrade injured her lord; and I

call the great Allah and the spirits of the just to witness, Amurath, the vile Amurath ! hath never approached the arms of Sadak's wife !”

“ Peace ! gentle and much-injured fair one !” said Doubor ; “ and dissipate, brave Sadak, the cloud on thy brow. Kalasrade never has nor can yield to Amurath's desires ; nor hath the prince pretended to boast of joys he never knew. No, constant pair ! Amurath, though furious in his revenge, is just and perfect in his speech ; and would as quickly throw off the state of his empire as falsify his oath. But briefly thus it is, sweet mistress of brave Sadak's heart. The sultan, nettled at your request, when he found it would prevent him for a long season from using force to compel you, cast about how he might make your imagined security as irksome to yourself as it was forbidding to him ; and therefore he has engaged thy unsuspecting lord by a firm oath to seek for him the waters of oblivion, and never to return to the Othman empire till he bring with him the produce of that inaccessible fountain.” “ What,” said the affrighted Kalasrade—“ what are the words which have escaped the lips of the generous Doubor ? Look on me, O Sadak, thou much injured lord ! Look on her who, by a mean device, hath heaped eternal afflictions on thy heart ! Oh, curse on this tongue, on this heart, on this head, which have all been the wretched instruments of Sadak's banishment ! Ah, bird of Adiram ! ah, sweet-spoken Doubor ! see you not the poison that lurks under the tongue of the adder ? see you not the flames which lie beneath the verdant surface of the burning Santorini ? O Sadak ! Sadak ! rather let me run to Amurath, and satisfy his brutal appetite, than suffer Sadak to wander amidst ten thousand deaths. The treacherous sands my love, will sink with thee ; evil genii will hurl thee from the summit of their rocks ; thy wretched carcase shall be cast

upon an unknown shore ; the vultures of the air and the monsters of the deep shall feast on my beloved ! And the wild ungoverned Amurath, fearless of thy arm, will ravage the poor remains of thy Kalasrade's beauty !" " Rather," said Sadak, " shall this arm hurl instant vengeance on the tyrant's head, and all the blood of Othman perish, than ever Kalasrade shall be stained with Amurath's unhallowed touch !" " Ah ! furious Sadak !" answered the chief of the eunuchs, " what mean the black resolves of thy rebellious heart ? But think not Doubor intends to stand a tame spectator of thy malice ; faithful to my lord in every just command, through me must the base Sadak reach the heart of Amurath. But moderate your rage, bold man, and know, though Doubor loves not every deed of Amurath, yet will he never prove a traitor to his life. While Sadak means no more than to recover his Kalasrade, I am bound by gratitude and justice to espouse his cause ; but if his murderous, traitorous heart aim at his prince's life, both gratitude and justice call me then to Amurath's defence." " Generous Doubor !" answered Sadak, " I justly stand rebuked : I were indeed a wretch, when holy Othman's race is nearly extinct, to rob our faith of its last royal leader. No, faithful eunuch ! the man who out of private malice gives confusion to his country, and subverts his peace, deserves not pity nor relief."

" Are these, then," replied Kalasrade, in tears, " the virtuous resolutions of a patriot, to give up private happiness to public tyranny ? For what were Othman's race decreed to rule, but for the safety of the faithful ? And if a tyrant violate unchecked each social duty, it is he first robs his subjects of their peace."

It was in vain that Doubor attempted to interrupt the vehemence of Sadak and Kalasrade ; forgetful of themselves, or

of the hazard of their friendly eunuch, they folded each other in mutual embraces, and seemed resolved that nothing more should part them. The distressed eunuch, finding every remonstrance in vain, departed from the apartments of Kalasrade, and hastened to the chambers of the Sultan. Sadak and Kalasrade, without perceiving the chief of the eunuchs had left them, continued entranced in each other's arms, and calling Allah to witness their mutual constancy and truth.

In the midst of these passionate expressions, the bird of Adiram entered the windows of the palace, and, perching on the shoulder of Sadak, thus delivered the message of his mistress to the astonished pair: "To comfort the afflicted is the delight of our race, and the inhabitants of Heaven stoop with pleasure to the children of earth when mercy calls them down: for this cause came the voice of consolation to Kalasrade when the evils of tyranny beset her; Adiram also, the servant of Mohammed, watched over the afflicted fair-one, and gave to Doubor the feelings of compassion. By his counsels was Amurath engaged in an inviolable oath to abstain from his base purpose till the Waters of Oblivion were obtained.

"How have ye, wretched pair! perverted these kind purposes of Adiram! and where is that fortitude which first recommended you to the tutelage of our immortal race? By an ill-judged perseverance, you have changed a virtuous constancy into a vicious passion; and, neglecting both the bonds of friendship and the commands of Mohammed, you have nearly sacrificed Doubor to your folly, and yourselves to the idle dreams of uncurbed love. Love is a heavenly appetite, planted in the human species to beget in them social harmonies: it melts and subdues the savage heart, as the stubborn ore is softened in the refiner's vessel; and, when regulated by religion, it is ever protected by Allah and his prophet. But

blessings in the cup of the unrighteous are as the dregs of Heaven's wrath ; and appetite, when it overcomes reason and religion, is as the vassal of sin. Though Allah hath taught you to submit, and bear with patience the evils of life, ye have listened to the phantasies of love, and, in the bravery of your hearts, resolved to pass together to the gates of death. Thus saith Adiram, the genius of Sadak and Kalasrade, who is now compelled by the law of fate to leave her pupils to the miseries they have entailed upon themselves."—The bird of Adiram uttered no more, but flew on the elastic surface of the air into the gardens of the palace.

The bird was no sooner gone forth than Sadak heard the feet of a multitude in the gallery ; and, the doors of the apartment immediately bursting open, the guards of the seraglio entered, and seized on the unhappy pair. Sadak, unmindful of himself, endeavoured to defend his beloved. But resistance was vain, the guards parted him from Kalasrade, and loaded him with chains.

As soon as Sadak was secured by the guards, the chief of the eunuchs appeared at the door of the apartment. "Slaves !" said he aloud, is the vile miscreant Sadak, who hath entered the sacred walls of Amurath's seraglio, seized ?—"He is, great Doubor !" answered the guards ; "the chain of death is on him, and we wait but for your commands to send his soul among those who rebel against their prince."—"Hold, slave !" replied Doubor, "and secure him, unhurt, till the mighty Amurath approach."

Sadak was confounded at the appearance and behaviour of Doubor ; and Kalasrade wished to load him with reproach, but she feared she might incur the censures of Adiram, as she knew not as yet by what means her lord was discovered. Ere long the music of the seraglio sounded ; and Doubor, the

chief of the eunuchs, perceiving that Amurath was near, hastened to receive him. "Prince of my life!" said the chief of the eunuchs, as the royal Amurath came forward with the deadly frown on his brow, "thy slaves have secured the enemy of thy peace." "Faithful Doubor!" replied Amurath, "I commend thy zeal. But where is this vile miscreant, who presumes to invade the recesses of Amurath's seraglio?" "Here, tyrant!" said the stern Sadak, "if the oppressor dare look upon his injured——"

The wretched Kalasrade, seeing her lord in such distress, broke from the guards, who held her but slightly, fearing the same fate which befel the black slave, should Amurath relent; and clasping the much-injured Sadak in her arms, "Vile slaves!" said she, "unhand my lord!" Then, bursting into tears, "O Sadak! noble Sadak," continued she; "joy of my soul, and fountain of my life! how have these wretches dared deform thy noble image with their bonds of iron! Why didst thou not frown, my love, and fix them motionless with awe and fear? What is this puny Amurath, and all his guards, against the noble effort of thy uplifted arm? Alas, alas! my Sadak! they have bound you while you slept with ignominious chains, and now the tyrant laughs at your distress."

The chief of the eunuchs having secured the distressed Kalasrade, gave her into the custody of the eunuchs, and then he commanded the guards to put the bow-string upon Sadak. The wild miserable, Kalasrade at the sight of the bow-string, screamed aloud, and fell into the arms of the eunuchs: her fixed eyes were dilated with madness, and her teeth shook with the agonies of death. Amurath saw the affecting change with wild emotion, and, fearful lest the soul of Kalasrade should escape, ordered the slaves to release Sadak from the bow-string. "Slothful Doubor!" said Amurath, "hasten to my Kalasrade's

assistance; for, by the Othman faith, I swear ye all shall follow if my fair one perish." The attempts of Doubor and his attendants were vain: Kalasrade continued entranced; and Amurath, in despair, ordered Sadak to be released, that he might endeavour to recover his Kalasrade from her alarming trance.

As soon as the guards had unbound Sadak, and released his mouth, they signified to him the Sultan's orders, and led him toward the motionless Kalasrade. "Happy Kalasrade!" said the brave Sadak, "I trust ere this the prophet of the faithful hath delivered thee from the tyrant's power; if not, Sadak will not disturb thy fleeting spirit. Proceed, thou divine spirit of innocence and virtue! toward thy eternal mansion, and let not the rude breath of Sadak's voice divert thee from thy righteous course!" "Ah! blessed Allah!" said the faint Kalasrade, reviving at her Sadak's well-known voice, "where am I? In what blissful seat hast thou placed me, where the sweet music of my Sadak's voice sings comfort to my soul? Ah! surely the trance of death is passed, and I am far removed from Amurath and all his curses." "Unfortunate Kalasrade," said Sadak, starting, "art thou again returned from the sweet sleep of death to new-invented scenes of misery? Then bind me, slaves, again, and fix the bow-string to my neck. Once more, thou virtuous partner of my heart, I call thy faithful soul away. Tyrant! release me from the world; for now I know Kalasrade will not stay behind." "No, proud rebel!" said Amurath, when Kalasrade's life is at stake, thy being is of trivial moment: at present, live, that she may live for whom only life is sweet. But I demean my royalty in holding speech with such a slave. Doubor, separate these stubborn spirits; and, for Kalasrade's sake, let Sadak, though confined, want not life's comforts. But, eunuch

watch with steady eye my beauteous sultana ; supply her wants unbidden ; yet, on your life, take care her frantic wildness is not suffered to prey upon herself ; and, Doubor, when these things are executed according to the will of thy lord, let me see thee in the palace of pictures.”

At these words the sultan Amurath retired ; and Doubor, having executed his commission, hastened to meet his lord. “Faithful eunuch !” said Amurath, as he entered, “I am pleased at thy contrivance ; it had been dangerous, as thou well observedst, to have seized on Sadak, the favourite of the janissaries, in the public face of day : but now, by thy artifice, his life is forfeit, and the silent bow-string will, unheard, release me from this enemy of my love. Wherefore I mean that, ere to-morrow’s sun survey the wide-extended Othman empire, my faithful Doubor, with a few attendants, seize on his forfeit life.” “Lord of the Othman empire !” answered Doubor, “I shall obey the law of thy mouth.”

“But, Doubor,” said Amurath, “one circumstance still hangs upon my doubtful mind. You say this Sadak entered the seraglio by your advice ; yet, Doubor, what need was there to bring him in the silent hour of midnight to Kalasrade’s apartment ? to have detected him in our royal gardens was sufficient. Doubor, the thought breeds anguish in my soul ; besides, traitor ! thou leddest him as a mute into Kalasrade’s arms. Slave ! slave ! thou liest, and Amurath is betrayed !” “Most enlightened of sovereigns !” answered Doubor, “the slave that dared attempt to deceive my lord might justly tremble, as nothing can escape thy penetrating eye. Alas ! had ignorant Doubor the judgment of the father of the faithful, I had assuredly done as thou hast said ; but, foolishly hoping to do more, I have nearly forfeited the esteem of my sultan.” “What more didst thou mean, vain man, to exe-

cute?" said Amurath, somewhat softened. "Mighty Amurath!" answered the chief of the eunuchs, "when first I brought the disguised Sadak from the gardens of the seraglio, I asked the deceitful slave whether he would yield Kalasrade to thy arms, if Amurath would vest him with a vizier's honours; to which he yielded a pretended assent, and assured me he would engage Kalasrade to receive thy embrace, the moment she was convinced of his exaltation.

"Allured by this promise, I led him to the fair one's apartment; and, as I hoped the consequence would be grateful to my sultan, I neglected to inform thee of Sadak's presence till I had heard the issue of his conference with Kalasrade. But when I had brought the deceitful slave before her, unmindful of his promise, he attempted to pour forth a love tale at her feet; upon which I hastened to inform thee of his presence, and the guards of the seraglio soon secured the deceitful wretch." "Since, then, he values love beyond the honours of the Othman state," said Amurath, "let him fall a sacrifice to love! Doubor, dispatch him instantly; each moment that he lives increases my disquiet; but remember his breath in secret pass, that not a sigh contaminate the air to wound Kalasrade's peace."

No sooner was Doubor gone, than the wavering Amurath began to repent that he had sent him. "How am I divided," said he, "by love and honour! Without the Waters of Oblivion are obtained, my sacred oath prevents all intercourse with Kalasrade; and if Sadak dies, who shall be able to surmount the dangers that environ the fountains of oblivion? Guards," said the anxious sultan, "call back the slave Doubor; stop his officious haste, and bring him here before your prince." The chief of the eunuchs returned. "Peace," said he, "be to the mighty Amurath! and may all his foes perish before him!"

“What, wretched eunuch,” said Amurath hastily, “is Sadak numbered with the dead?” “The word of my lord,” replied Doubor, “was pressing, and thy slave hastened to obey thy command; but, being recalled so suddenly by thy guards, I stopped the slaves who drew the bow-string, and Sadak on his knees expects his doubtful fate.” “Then all is well,” replied Amurath; “for I mean not, Doubor, to destroy the doating wretch, through whom alone—such has been thy master’s folly—must Amurath hope to reach Kalasrade’s beauties.” “Alas!” replied Doubor, “thy slave doth oft reflect upon the oath which robs my sultan of the haughty fair one.”

“Yet, Doubor, think not,” continued Amurath, “that I mean to break my faith where interest or occasion tempts: no, I have bound this happy and luxurious Sadak to draw his own destruction from the fountains of oblivion; and now, if he fail to execute the vow, his life is justly forfeited, and Kalasrade at our own disposal. Wherefore, Doubor, let a ship be prepared to convey him to that distant island, where the Waters of Oblivion are concealed.”

The chief of the eunuchs hastened to obey the command of Amurath; and returning to the dungeon where Sadak expected the end of his fate, he ordered the mutes to release him. Sadak, amazed at the order of Doubor, arose; and the mutes having released him, retired.

The chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio conveyed Sadak through the water-gate, to the ship which was prepared to sail in quest of the Waters of Oblivion: neither had Sadak, by reason of the attendant guards, any opportunity of expressing his gratitude to Doubor. As soon as Sadak was embarked, the ship set sail, and the noble son of Elar found that the captain of the ship was a Christian renegade; for Doubor had in vain sought after one of his own nation, who was sufficiently skilled in navigation, to perform the voyage.

For several days the ship ran swiftly before the wind, and hurried the unfortunate Sadak from the place of his beloved, as the vulture bears in his talons the panting lamb from its mother's teats. But these winds were, after a short time, succeeded by a calm; in which, being detained from their purpose, and a small gale afterwards arising, the captain of the vessel put into the island of Serfu, and there continued for two months, neither suffering his men to land, nor permitting the natives to enter his ship.

A small vessel arriving from Constantinople, at length brought the captain the orders he expected; and, the wind being favourable, he hoisted his sails and steered for the Atlantic ocean. And now they were passing the island of Kirigou, when a storm arose; and, after many days' buffeting against the wind, it obliged them to sail into the bay which embosoms the city of Koron. It was in vain the citizens made signs for the ship to steer away from their port; the swelling ocean and the fierce winds united drove them precipitately on the beach, and every one being terrified with the storm, they hastened on shore, leaving the ship at anchor near the beach. "Unhappy mariners!" said an aged citizen to them as they walked up the beach, "you have escaped the womb of the sea to be buried in this contagious city." The mariners hung down their heads at this dreadful declaration, and Sadak perceived that the plague was raging in the city of Koron.

The captain, Gehari, ordered his crew to seize on Sadak, at the same time sending notice to the governor of the city that he bore the commission of Amurath, and had a state prisoner under his care. Sadak was amazed at the captain's behaviour; for he knew not before that he was looked upon as a prisoner, or that Gehari had any command over him.

It was happy for Gehari that his prisoner was of a noble

temper : for such was the confusion of the city, that the governor had neither guard nor authority among his miserable subjects, and Sadak boldly entered the city of Koron ; and, while the ghastly inhabitants sat trembling and inactive in their houses, Sadak and his companions exercised the compassionate offices of humanity on the miserable objects that surrounded them. But his laborious and dangerous employment soon overwhelmed the noble Sadak, and he found the plague had seized his distempered blood.

After two days he arose, his knees tottering with the weight of his emaciated body ; he cast his hollow eyes around him, and on every side saw the dismal marks of the all-destructive plague. But what engaged his chief attention were two youths who were kneeling on the ground beside an aged body, which was just sending forth its last pestiferous breath, as a deadly legacy between its children. Their pious tears, and their duteous attention to the expiring sage, mixed with a submissive resignation to the will of Allah, struck the soul of Sadak, long before he perceived they were the sons of his strength, who were performing the last sad offices to Mepiki, the father of Kalasrade. “ My children, my duteous children,” said the enervated Sadak, crawling with trembling limbs to their assistance, “ may Allah bless your pious care ! you are, indeed, the sons of Sadak, and the offspring of Kalasrade, and your father is better pleased to see you thus active in this vale of death, than crowned with the conquest of unnumbered foes.”

The astonishment of Codan and Ahud, at the sight of their father, did not prevent their attendance on the dying Mepiki ; they closed the eyes of their departing friend with pious tears, and embraced with reverence the dead body of their honoured ancestor.

His son related the success of Mepiki in withdrawing the sons of Sadak from the power of Amurath, and how they had embarked in a merchant's sloop bound for Koron, in which they came with favourable gales, and landed not long since in this miserable city. The mariners who came with them escaped not the pestilence, although they had left the city of Ismir; they were seized with the contagion as soon as they landed, and the disorder raged with such violence, that ere half the moon was elapsed, the whole city groaned under its wretched influence.

The aged Mepiki for some time shut himself up in an inner apartment, hoping to escape the contagion, but when he found the deadly disorder had seized him, he commanded Sadak's sons to carry him forth into the open air, which, in obedience to his will, they performed that morning. "And have ye, my children," said Sadak hastily, "overcome the contagion? or hath it yet delayed to seize on your youthful frames?" "We have hitherto," answered Codan, "experienced a doubtful life: but, seeing our parent hath escaped from the danger of the plague, we shall no longer accuse our stars of leading us to the horrors of this place." "Son," answered Sadak, "to accuse fate is to rebel against Allah; and no circumstances can justify our imprecations, while our faith must assure us that he is the merciful governor of all our fortunes." Codan, abashed at the reproof of Sadak, covered his breast with his declining head.

The captain now approached Sadak, and informed him that of all his mariners seven only had escaped the plague. He therefore proposed that Codan and Ahud should supply the place of two of his officers, and the rest he must seek for in some neighbouring port. "Friendly Gehari," answered Sadak, "how shall I repay thy generous services? Permit

us only to hide the corpse of our dear parent in the earth, and we will attend thy will." At these words Gehari left Sadak and his children, and calling together his scattered mariners, returned to the ship.

Sadak in the meantime assisted his sons in their melancholy office; and, having covered up the body of Mepiki, he led them to the vessel which Gehari commanded. The wind, blowing from the land, soon wafted them from the city of Koron towards the straits which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean. But, as they approached the land, the wind arose, and the sea beat in tempestuous billows against the vessel. The mariners in vain pointed their vessel to the west; her sides shook, as fearful of the storm; and the ship started from the face of the tempest, as the war-horse trembles in the day of battle.

Sadak beheld the conflicting elements with patience and calmness; but Codan was terrified at the black mountainous ocean, which rose in broken precipices above the masts of the ship. As the vessel sunk embosomed in hollow-sounding billows, so sunk the heart of Codan; and Sadak in vain attempted to give to his son a courageous mind. "Is this Codan?" said his father, as he saw him dissolved in tears, and trembling at his fate; "is this the descendant of Elar, who so nobly supported the dying Mepiki? Where, wretched son, is that undaunted mind which formerly endeared thee to thy parents?" "Pardon, O Sadak," answered Codan, "the misgivings of my soul; it is not for myself, O parent of my life, but for thee, my heart pants, and my strength flies from me: was it not sufficient that Amurath bereaved thee of Kalasrade, without sending thee hither amidst conflicting elements?"

"Codan!" answered Sadak, "thy fears for me discover a noble soul, and Sadak thanks thee for them; but dismiss

them quickly, Codan." As Sadak was uttering these words, a tremendous swell broke over the ship, and the wave overwhelmed both Sadak and his son. The father instantly secured himself by embracing a part of the ship, which saved him from the efforts of the wave, but Codan became a sacrifice to its violence, and was driven over the sides of the vessel into the tumultuous ocean.

After some time the storm abated, and Gehari prepared to run through the straits into the Pacific Ocean. The rest of the voyage passed uninterrupted by the wind or the sea, but the serenity of the weather did but ill compensate to Sadak for the loss of his first-born.

After fifty days' sailing Gehari discovered a great smoke, and in the night could distinguish at a distance flames of fire. The island was now discovered, and, in the middle of it, a huge mountain whose summit reached far above the fleeting clouds, where an uncommon volcano vomited forth a wide deluge of liquid fire, which broke forth from the mountain with terrible roarings, and a mighty sound, as of winds bursting from the deep caverns of the earth. The glowing deluge descended down the mountain in a sheet of fire, and, rushing violently into the sea, drove back the affrighted waves in dreadful hisses from its surface, and for a long time preserved its fiery course beneath the waters that foamed above it.

The countenance of Gehari was now fixed with astonishment and dread; and he confessed to Sadak that he dared not trust his ship nearer to the land. "Give me, then, answered the undaunted warrior, "a boat, and a small portion of your provision, and Sadak will alone risk the dangers that surround the fountains of oblivion." "No, my father," answered the duteous Ahud, "there is yet one left that is ready to share with thee the dangers of this horrid place."

The unhappy father and his son descended from the side of the ship into the boat which Gehari had prepared for their reception, while the captain and his mariners poured after them the unavailing tears of friendship and compassion. The boat was about three leagues distant from the shore when it parted from the ship ; and, the wind blowing fair, Sadak steered it briskly for the island of the Waters of Oblivion. The nearer they approached, the more tremendous looked the rocks which surrounded the island, against which the sea beat and roared as if it strove in vain for a place whereon it might rest. Being arrived within half a league, the boat struck on a quicksand ; and Sadak could neither move it, nor would the treacherous sand bear his weight when he attempted to wade forward on its surface. After many fruitless endeavours, he took several small boards which formed the bottom floor of the boat, and tying them together, made two rafts, which he laid on the sand, and moving one forward while he stood on the other, he thus made some small progress toward the island. But this was an imperfect attempt, and as the raft would bear but one at a time, Ahud was left a helpless spectator in the boat. To conquer this difficulty, Sadak returned again to the boat, and by the help of the oars and rudder, he made a third raft ; so that, by Ahud's following his father's steps, and giving the raft which he stepped from to Sadak, who went before him, they with difficulty moved forward to the rocks that surrounded the Waters of Oblivion.

The tide had been several hours falling from the rocks, when Sadak arrived under their prominent horrors, and had left a narrow beach, on which he and Ahud rested after their perilous journey. Here Sadak and his wretched son recruited their wearied bodies with such refreshment as they had brought in their garments from the boat, which, though scarcely suffi-

cient for the next day's support, was the only means of living they could see before them, unless they should be able to scale the overhanging precipices, whose heads seemed wrapped in the dark clouds that were gathered around their rugged summits.

Sadak and Ahud having refreshed their limbs, arose and went about under the rocks in search of some opening which might afford them an entrance into the island; but ere they could discover any passage, they came in sight of the burning torrent, and were obliged to retire from its destructive influence. To add to this distress, the tide returned with violence around them, and the swelling ocean arose on the beach, so that Sadak and his son were half covered by the sea.

Thus wretched, they waded backward and forward on the beach, till Ahud discovered a small cavern in the rock, whose bottom the tide had not reached, when Sadak and his son ascended into it. In this gloomy cavern, which dripped with the salt tears of the ocean, they obtained a few moments' relief; but the ascending swell followed them ere long into the cavern, and, dashing its rude waves against them, drove them on the ragged face of the rock. The tide, however, rose not above them, but after a long persecution, retired, and left them nearly exhausted by its rude buffetings, and the wretched father, and his duteous son, overcome with unnatural toils, slumbered on the sea-weed which the water had left them for their miserable bed.

"Fear not, Ahud," said Sadak, "these gloomy rocks hide not this disordered prospect from our prophet's sight: he through the tumult looks on us, and watches lest our faithless spirits sink from their just dependance upon Allah's power."

In the midst of his religious expressions, the afflicted Sadak could not prevent some fears that arose in his mind,

when he reflected on the exposed situation of his beloved Kalasrade since her lord's departure from the seraglio.

While dark clouds were gathering over the miserable Kalasrade, Sadak and his son were the victims of the storm, beneath the rocks of the Island of Oblivion : but the piety of Sadak, and the submission of Ahud, alleviated in some measure the dreadful hours of that night of horrors, till day arose, and chased from their eyes the gloomy visions of the night ; but with the friendly day returned again the unfriendly tide, buffeting their bruised limbs, and smothering them with its waves, as the insect which preys upon the plantain-leaf is washed by solstitial showers.

After waiting with patience the reflux of the tide from their cavern, Sadak, unwilling to lose the benefits of the day, led Ahud out on the narrow beach, while as yet they were forced to wade through the sea ; and directing their steps toward the left, they endeavoured to surround that part of the island which was opposite to the burning torrent. This toilsome journey, though executed with the utmost difficulty and hazard, was yet as hopeless as the former ; the black rocks, which had been hollowed by the waves, hung in rude arch-work over their heads each step they took, and formed a continued barrier, without any interruption, except where the sea broke inward in deep eddies, and formed in the fissures of the rock the giddy whirlpool. Wearied with this fruitless search, the wretched Sadak led his duteous son back to the cavern, before the swelling ocean rose again to exercise its severity on them ; and, after having encountered its fury, they gladly sunk into a repose, which lasted till the returning tide obliged them to rise.

But now, their provision being exhausted, or spoiled by the water, still severer distresses encompassed them ; and the miserable Sadak beheld his son wasted with fatigue, and overcome with hunger and thirst.

At the return of the tide the waters formed a whirlpool, and were drawn inwards through the fissure of the rocks. "Whatever be our fate," said Sadak, "this passage alone seems to promise us the means of life; for on this beach, ere two suns are passed, we must perish by famine: wherefore Ahud," continued his father Sadak, "let us plunge together through this dark eddy, and either meet an end to our toils or a reward to our labours." "Father," said Ahud faintly, "let us not attempt together the dangers of this whirlpool; but, as I have less means of life remaining in me than yourself, I will first explore the secrets of this watery cave."

Sadak, hoping his son might succeed, yielded to his entreaties; and Ahud, having promised, if possible, to return with the ebbing tide, plunged into the foaming whirlpool, and disappeared from the sight of his anxious father. For a few moments the heart of Sadak was buoyed up with pleasing expectations, and he doubted not but Ahud was already in the land of plenty, but as the wretched parent looked on the foaming whirlpool, and saw its tumultuous eddies roll engulfed beneath the rocky bed whereon he stood, his weakened spirits sunk within him, and he cried out in the agonies of despair, "O Ahud, my son! my son! O treacherous ocean! thou hast robbed me of both my sons!" The tide rising, obliged him to return to his cavern, where the emaciated Sadak sat wringing his hands, weeping for his children, and bemoaning the fate of his miserable Kalasrade.

Sadak now waited impatiently the return of the tide, and with the first wave that entered, leaped into the jaws of the whirlpool. For several moments he was hurried through the rocks, and bruised and wounded on all sides by their rugged points, till light appeared through the waters, and he found himself in a deep cave, surrounded with rocks, and open at the

top. The rocks, growing wider and wider, formed an irregular ascent, and with some difficulty the wounded Sadak crawled upwards, till he had attained to the summit of the rocks. Here he found an extended country, irregularly planted with fruits and herbs, and plentifully watered with little rivulets gushing out of many parts of the earth. As Sadak looked round on this delightful prospect, he fell with his face to the earth, and said, "O Allah! thy creature poureth forth his praises toward thee; and the wretch whom thou hast blessed adoreth thee for thy bounty."

As Sadak spoke these words the pleasant vision faded from his sight, and he found himself cast forth by the waters on the beach from whence he had leaped in the morning. "But hold!" said the submissive Sadak, "if this change cometh through my devotions to Allah, blessed be that change! for Sadak had rather acknowledge his God on the barren rocks, than forget him in the mansions of festivity."

As Sadak spoke these words, he perceived the eddies of the whirlpool to rise with an unusual swell, and a female, in vestments of gold, came forth from its surface. "Righteous Sadak!" said the genius Adiram, "I rejoice in thy fortitude, and I am happy in being the messenger of thy comfort: but ere I unfold to thee the wonders thou hast seen, permit me to lead thee in security to that place from whence so lately thou wast torn, as a sleeper from his dream." So saying, the waters ceased from the fissures, and the genius and Sadak, descending into the cave, shortly after attained to the summit of the rocks, where Sadak had before seen the plains of plenty.

As Sadak arrived on the plain, "Now," said the genius Adiram to him, "arise and satisfy thy exhausted nature, and then I will instruct thee in the lessons of our race." "But

first," answered Sadak, "O genius! since such is human weakness, that even seeming good may be real mischief intended, let me address myself to that God in whom no one shall be deceived! for, if I partake of these viands, he first whom I serve shall be blessed for his bounties."

As Sadak spoke thus, he fell on the earth, and said, "O Allah! thy creature poureth forth his praises toward thee; and the wretch whom thou hast blessed, adoreth thee for thy bounty. O bountiful genius! though much I am fortified by religious dictates, yet doth my heart pant after Ahud, whom I have lost, and after Kalasrade, whom I left in a tyrant's power." "As to Ahud," answered the genius Adiram, "his fate cannot yet be unrolled to thy sight; and Kalasrade still suffers for her contempt of that life which Allah had commanded her to preserve. Ah, poor Kalasrade! the bird of Adiram can no longer comfort thee, and the oath of a lawless tyrant is as a flaxen band around the flaming pile! But haste and pursue the Waters of Oblivion, for many dangers yet surround thee; yet thou hast well learned to be most aware when perils are unseen. Thy way is onward to the flaming mountain, in which the waters are hidden."

Having passed a morass, he arrived at a river which ran among the rocks, whose source sprung from a wild cataract, which came foaming with a terrible noise in two divided torrents down the rocks. Here the astonished Sadak stood looking on the frightful waterfall in wild amaze; and, stunned with the rapid dashing of the torrent, for some time paused, unable to pursue his course, or retreat from the dizzy scene. There appeared no way to pursue his journey, unless he dare venture up the craggy precipice which broke the two cataracts, and divided the roaring currents from each other by its bed of stone. Toward this middle rock the brave warrior crept, his

nature trembling at the bold determinations of his heart ; and although his eyes swam, and his imagination tottered, yet the steady Sadak seized on the rock, and arose by degrees on its prominent fragments. The foam and the surf of the neighbouring torrents washed him as he arose, and the noise of the impetuous currents overpowered him, so that he heard not the fall of several rocky fragments, which came tumbling on every side.

After this fatigue, and scrambling upward, he reached a broad, flat, prominent rock, whereon he laid his wearied body, and looked downward on the waves below. Ten thousand colours played in his eyes, and the rock whereon he lay extended, seemed, in his fancy, to break, and, falling with him, to tumble headlong through the foaming waves. Fear seized his body, though fortitude possessed his soul ; and nature, tired of the struggle, kindly stole him from himself, and consigned him to oblivion. For a few minutes he lay entranced ; and as he waked, forgetful of his situation, he rolled over to the brink of the rock, and was falling downward, when he clasped the rock, and secured himself with his hands. Having gained his former situation by long struggle and labour, he ventured not to look down from the precipice he had escaped ; but, turning his eyes upward, he perceived he had yet a third part of the rock to climb ere he could reach the top. His perseverance in a short time prevailed, and Sadak stood on the utmost summit of the rock, from whence he looked over an extended lake to the burning mountain : he marched onward, the hot soil scorching his feet, and the sulphureous stench blasting his lungs, till he perceived a huge cave, through which ran a rivulet of black water. Sadak, doubting not but this was the Water of Oblivion, ran eagerly into the cave and saw at the extremity of it a fair maiden sitting in a

musings posture. At the sight of Sadak, the maiden arose and welcomed his arrival.—“Noble stranger,” said she, “it is now two hundred hegriras since any one has been able to reach this scene of horrors; but to you it is given to taste the Waters of Oblivion, and to enjoy the blessings of our immortal race.”

As the virgin uttered these words with a pleasing aspect, she drew of the fountain in a goblet of gold, and presented the dark waters to Sadak, who, turning the goblet from him with an easy motion, thus replied to the solicitations of the blooming virgin:—“Fair keeper of these enchanting fountains! excuse my refusal; it is not for myself that I seek the fountain of oblivion: bound by a fatal oath, I come a miserable exile from the Othman throne, to seek a death more cruel by succeeding, than others have found who failed of success.”

“Then drink of this refreshing stream,” answered the virgin, “and forget the curses which Amurath hath heaped upon thy head: here drown thy former anxious thoughts, and rise, refreshed in the lethargic stream, to untried scenes of pleasure and amusement. Thy sins, thy follies, and thy pains forgot, here take a blessed renewal of thy life; the past be blotted from thy careworn breast, the future all in prospect, all untried, then shall the golden dream of hope spring forth afresh, and the gay vision of unbounded joy again dance on thy sprightly fancy; wealth, power, and beauty, rich in possessions, eminent in fame, in ecstasy dissolved, shall all by turns solicit thy divided mind, while not a thought of what thou once hast felt shall e’er again molest thy troubled brain.”

“Such pleasures,” answered Sadak sternly, “may captivate the wretch whose conscience wishes all the past one universal blot; but Sadak has not lived to wish the thread of life unravelled and destroyed. No, virgin, though great are the ills I feel, yet this, in every ill, supports my mind—I have no



SADAK.

"She drew of the fountain in a goblet of gold, and presented the dark waters to Sadak."

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sought, nor yet deserved, the evils that I suffer." "For the weak children of man to boast," replied the virgin, "argues neither sense nor merit; conceited, vain, and ignorant, their path of life is stained with error, and perplexed with doubt; purblind they grope along the bright meridian day, and every action past they wish undone."

"It is not presuming on a well-spent life, that I refuse your boon," replied Sadak to the virgin of the cave; "but, conscious of no studied ill, I thank my prophet for his mercies past, and value the great Allah's former gifts too largely to desire oblivion may prevent my future thanks: whatever afflictions are endured were meant as blessings to increase my faith; these surely to forget were base ingratitude. Whatever are the blessings that Sadak has received, these yet reflect new comforts on my soul, and these to lose were little to deserve the future mercies of my God. No, virgin; one moment's recollection of Kalasrade's truth is more delightful far to me than years of pleasure with a second flame. Though dead, shall I forget thee, Codan! whose pious cares so lately honoured good Mepiki's grave? Though lost to me, yet never from my mind shall Ahud's righteous image pass!"

"Noble Sadak," answered the virgin, "thou alone art worthy to succeed, who hast learned rightly to value the gift thou hast obtained: take, then, this goblet, and carry to thy prince these Waters of Oblivion; and fear not the toils of returning, for as soon as thou art in possession of the goblet thou shalt stand at the gates of the seraglio of Amurath." "But, gentle maiden," replied Sadak, "ere I receive from thy hands this inestimable gift, inform me, I beseech thee, where is the duteous Ahud, the glory of my years?" "Ahud," answered she, "is hidden from my knowledge: but let this content thee, that thou alone hast prevailed, and been able to bear from hence the Waters of Oblivion."

Thus speaking, the maiden gave into Sadak's hand the golden goblet, and as he received it, the cave and fountain rolled off in a dark cloud from before him, and Sadak found himself at the gates of Amurath's palace. The janissaries, who recollected the features of their long-lost general, shouted for joy, and the populace in tumults proclaimed the arrival of Sadak.

As Sadak entered the royal apartment with the goblet in his hand, he perceived Amurath sitting with a disturbed visage on the embroidered sofa. Sadak thrice prostrated himself before him: and Amurath, with a frown, commanded his slaves and attendants to retire. "What, slave!" said the royal tyrant as Sadak arose, "hast thou succeeded in thy employment, or dost thou bring thy forfeit head a tribute to thy prince?" "Lord of the Othman race!" answered Sadak, "the great Allah, whom I serve, hath blessed the cause of thy slave, and Sadak is returned with honour and success to the Othman court." "Curse on thy honours, vain slave!" replied Amurath hastily; "and cursed be the pride of thy heart! Thinkest thou that thou shalt triumph over thy prince? or that Allah hath reserved for thee joys superior to those which Amurath possesses?" "The blessings of Allah," answered Sadak, "have refreshed my heart, and the bounteous smile of my all-gracious Maker hath enlightened my soul in every horror I have passed." "Blasphemous slave!" said Amurath, rising in haste, "thou liest! Allah meant not to bless thee beyond thy lord, but has buoyed up thy heart with treacherous hope, to make thy disappointment greater. Yes, slave, thy master has resumed himself, destroyed thy children, and blessed Kalasrade with these outstretched arms, that thou mightest curse thy God and die." "Hast thou prevailed, thou tyrant?" said Sadak, trembling: "then welcome the black contents of this infernal bowl, for now oblivion is all I ask!"

“Slaves!” said Amurath, clapping his hands, “seize from the frantic slave that precious bowl! it were luxury too great for him to taste and to forget. The Waters of Oblivion are designed for mine and Kalasrade’s peace: wherefore, bring me, slaves! the refreshing goblet; for my gloomy soul pants for oblivion. Slaves, give me the goblet! Now, welcome peace! and, conscience, thou base intruder, a long farewell to all thy wretched admonitions! But, slaves, remember ere I drink this, Sadak dies.”

As Amurath spoke thus, he received the golden goblet from the hands of the slaves. “See, Sadak,” said he, “how greatly Amurath doth honour to his slave: I drink this bowl to be like thee; and fair Kalasrade, having tasted its sweet contents, shall look on Amurath and think him Sadak.” The greedy monarch then raised the goblet to his lips, and drank of the dark liquor it contained, which quickly spread its fatal influence through his veins; and the disappointed Amurath too late perceived that with oblivion death goes hand in hand. Sadak, surprised, started at the unexpected effects of the deadly goblet; and the slaves of Amurath, who ran to his assistance as he fell, finding their endeavours to recover him ineffectual, now fell trembling at the feet of Sadak, whom they imagined the janissaries would doubtless place on the Othman throne.

“Lord of our lives!” said they, “Allah hath justly punished the wretched Amurath for his broken vows, and thy slaves wait thy commands to cast his wretched carcass forth a prey to the fowls of the air.” “Wretches!” said Sadak sternly to them, “I seek not the power you are so ready to bestow: let the faithful Doubor be called, that the subjects of the Othman throne may be acquainted with their loss.” “Heir to the Othman glory!” answered the slaves, “Doubor, by Amurath’s command, is gone to Iznimid on the affairs of state.” “Then,”

said Sadak, "carry forth the body of our departed Sultan, and show his pale limbs to the brave soldiers of the court; to whom, since no successor by inheritance or will is left, the choice of a new monarch falls."

The report of Sadak's arrival, and the death of Amurath, was now spread through every part of the seraglio; and while part of the officers hastened to acknowledge Sadak for their sultan, others found out the melancholy Kalasrade, and declared every circumstance of the joyful news to the mourning fair one. "Is he returned?" said the transported Kalasrade; "is Sadak, my lord, unnumbered with the dead? then are my past sorrows like the vision of the night, and I again shall rise to a joyful day of constancy and love! But lead me instantly," continued she, "to his beloved presence, that I may bless his conquering arms with love, and clasp him once again within these fond encircling arms." So saying she hastened to the apartment where Sadak stood with his surrounding guards; and flying in transports, she fell at his feet, and bathed his sandals with her overflowing tears.

Sadak saw her approach with a mixed countenance of love and terror: and his soul, divided by affection and resentment, knew not how to supply his tongue with a proper utterance: but, perceiving her at his feet, the tender husband stooped to the earth, and bowed himself before her. "What, noble partner of my thoughts," said Kalasrade in amaze, "art thou dumb with joy? Oh, foolish wretch!" continued she, "why came I so suddenly into the presence of my beloved? My loved, my honoured Sadak! behold thy tender wife, and bless me with one look of love! Alas, guards!" said she, turning to the eunuchs, as she perceived Sadak still immoveable, with his face to the earth, "surely the death of Amurath hath not seized on Sadak, my beloved hath not drank of the pernicious

goblet?" "Oh that I had drank thereof," said Sadak, groaning, "when I stood before the virgin of the fountain of oblivion!" "Speakest thou, my beloved," said the affrighted Kalasrade—"speakest thou, my beloved, and not to me? Oh! oh! am I changed, my beloved! or—art thou not Sadak?" The tender Kalasrade shrieked at these words, and fell into the arms of her attendants.

At the shriek of Kalasrade, Sadak arose in wild haste, and clasped her in his arms. The constant Sadak saw the sufferings of his beloved, and his conscience checked him for increasing the distresses of his injured wife. "Forgive," said he, running to her—"forgive, O virtuous Kalasrade! the cruelties of thy Sadak: thou camest seeking ease and consolation from thy lord, and I have doubled the curses of Amurath upon thy much-suffering heart." "One word, though but one echo, of my Sadak's love," answered the afflicted fair one, "blots all resentment from Kalasrade's heart." "Whate'er is past, though grating to my soul, thine were the keenest pangs," said Sadak in return: "but to hold converse on a public stage, where love or where misfortune is the theme, but ill befits the tender sufferers; wherefore retire, my best Kalasrade! and when the royal janissaries have heard my tale, I will come and weep with thee in mutual wretchedness." The fair Kalasrade bowed at her lord's commands, and left Sadak with the surrounding nobles.

Sadak, having given audience to the officers of the army, the viziers, and the bashaws of the Othman court, declined their proffered honours, but the voice of the multitude prevailed, and he was constrained to bear the weight of empire on his brow. The shouts of the faithful rent the air with notes of triumph when Sadak yielded to his peoples' supplication. In the midst of their clamour a messenger ar-

rived in the seraglio, and declared the approach of Doubor from Iznimid. A gleam of comfort shot through Sadak's soul as he heard the name of Doubor pronounced; and he sent his viziers to welcome his arrival, and bring him into the presence of his friend. The faithful Doubor soon arrived, and, having learnt from his friends the wondrous change, fell prostrate at the feet of Sadak. "Since he whom Doubor long revered is dead," said the faithful eunuch, "Doubor rejoices at the public choice of Sadak's virtue to succeed him. Yet forgive me, royal master! if Doubor plays the courtier but awkwardly before thee; born for his service, I lived in the smiles of Amurath my lord, and, let these tears bear witness for me, I cannot e'er forget so great a master." "Doubor," said Sadak, sternly, "thou art not the only afflicted soul that Amurath hath left behind him; deep are his curses stricken on Kalasrade's heart, and woes unutterable are Sadak's portion." "Surely, my lord," returned Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "the mighty Amurath did never presume to break his oath?" "Yes, he broke it, slave! nay, more, and triumphed in his sin!" said Sadak, fiercely; "and thou, I fear, hast borne a part in all his vengefulmalice. All other evil I with patience bore, but this extremest cruelty loads my distracted thought past human sufferance." "My lord," answered Doubor, "permit me to lead thee to fair Kalasrade's apartment: I yet must hope some mystery unravelled hurts your peace." "To sooth with words ambiguous, when misfortunes past can never be redeemed, is a slave's province," said Sadak; "but Sadak has a soul not to be lulled by women's tales; for know, tame wretch! I have already seen Kalasrade, and viewed the graceful ruins of my once-loved wife. O prophet! prophet! where was thy all-seeing eye, when to unhallowed lust thou gavest up the purest of her sex!" "Noble and royal Sadak!" answered Doubor,

prostrate on the earth, "I beseech you to consider what mighty ills you heap on fair Kalasrade, if unheard you cast her from your presence, and accuse our prophet, whose boundless mercy, like the mountains, shades, preserves, and comforts every faithful mind." "Doubor," replied Sadak, "thou wast ever to God and man an acceptable slave, and duly temperest submission to thy prince with faithfulness to Allah. I yield, good Doubor: lead the way to dear Kalasrade's apartments, and Allah grant success attend our search!"

The chief of the eunuchs, preceding the trembling Sadak, led him to those apartments of the seraglio where he had been formerly seized by the guards of Amurath; and commanding the doors to be flung open, Sadak discovered Kalasrade sitting on the sofa, with her surrounding attendants. At sight of Sadak, the beauteous sultana arose with wild distracted looks; and, turning to her slaves, "Who is this," said she, "that basely apes the majesty of Othman's prince? Whoe'er thou art, bold slave;" continued she, "depart; or, by my beauties, the god-like Amurath shall sacrifice thee to our mutual loves!" "Oh, prophet of the just!" said Sadak, hastening to her, "what means this wondrous change? 'Tis Sadak, my beloved! Sadak, who comes to be convinced thou never hast submitted to base Amurath's love." "Submitted, wretch!" said Kalasrade, with a haughty frown, "dost thou, then, call the royal presence of the love-bringing Amurath an evil? On my soul, to me no joy was ever equal to his fond embrace, when, with reluctant struggles, I increased his love. But thou, rude slave, forbear! nor with unhallowed touch defile that form which e'er has served to bless thy royal master's heart!"

"Just, righteous God!" said Sadak, falling back, "what are these sounds that rack my jealous ears? Have I, then,

lived to hear Kalasrade prize a tyrant, and despise her lord? No, it cannot be! I see wild passion rolls her eye, and madness has possessed her brain: borne down by former evils, and depressed by anxious cares, the unexpected change seized too quickly on her soul, and the transported fair-one ran to me ere that her mind was calmed by reason or religion. In such a state thou camest, sweet Kalasrade, to thy Sadak's arms; and when thy fluttering heart with hasty impulse demanded comfort, I gave thee base suspicion, and with rude hand repelled thy tender love; as not contented with thy sufferings past, in my first royal act I played the tyrant on my wife, and cursed thee more than Amurath had done. But, righteous prophet, thou hast well repaid my base ingratitude! Blind as the dark mole, I dared accuse thy wondrous sight; and, in the puny balance which my ignorant will held out, presumptuous weighed the mercies of my God!"

The pious words of Sadak were attended with unusual omens: from the left the vivid lightning flashed, the palace shook, and a thick cloud filled the apartment where Sadak stood; out of the midst of which came forward the stately Adiram, and thus addressed the consort of Kalasrade:—

"Noble Sadak! the trials of your fortitude are now finished, and Adiram is the joyous messenger of your future peace. The beauteous female who stands before you is not the real Kalasrade, as you will perceive when she shall restore to Doubor the enchanted ring. After your departure from the seraglio, in search of the Waters of Oblivion, I perceived that the obligations of an oath could not bind the man that was influenced by revenge, and unmoved by the tender calls of humanity: I therefore sent, by my little winged messenger, an enchanted ring to Doubor, declaring its virtues, and bidding him use it when Kalasrade's distress should most require its assistance.

The friendly Doubor had in vain employed both artifice and persuasion to prevent his master from yielding to his passions : every contrivance proved abortive, and Amurath was determined to force Kalasrade to his will.

“In this distress I sent the enchanted ring to Doubor, commanding him to put it on the finger of one of the ladies of the seraglio, who should thereby be enabled to personate Kalasrade, and deceive the sultan. Doubor, overjoyed, carried it to the fair and haughty Zurac, who had long pined unnoticed in the walls of the seraglio. Zurac tenderly loved Amurath, but her lord had never returned her affections. ‘Zurac,’ said Doubor to the fair princess, ‘you are well acquainted with Amurath’s passion ; every beauty of the seraglio is neglected, and Kalasrade alone possesses the heart of Amurath. Say then, fair-one, should Doubor give Zurac the powers of pleasing the mighty Amurath—if Doubor should make him neglect Kalasrade, and seek only thee—what reward should the chief of the eunuchs meet at thy hands?’ ‘He should be,’ answered Zurac, ‘as the clear fountain to the desert, or as pardon to the wretch condemned.’ ‘Take, therefore,’ answered Doubor, ‘this ring ; and, while you wear it, your speech and person shall be as the speech and the person of the favourite Kalasrade : but beware lest your tongue betray the deception ; and be cautious, and seemingly reluctant, that the change of behaviour awaken not in Amurath any suspicions concerning you.’

“Zurac readily yielded to the proposals of Doubor, and the eunuch secretly removed Kalasrade from these apartments, and brought Zurac in her stead ; but the monarch, fearful that Doubor would seek to prevent his desires, sent the faithful eunuch to Iznimid, and the next day commanded the false Kalasrade to yield to his wishes. Zurac, happy that Amurath

should so soon seek after her, made a faint resistance ; and the passionate monarch thus was deceived the day before you arrived from the fountain of oblivion. Though born to indulge his passions without controul from any human power, yet was Amurath himself shocked at their effects, and he had repented of his folly when you arrived : but the submissive resignation of Sadak, and his superior virtue, stung the soul of the faithless monarch ; and, yielding to revenge, he poured his malice on your heart ; for which the vengeance of Allah was levelled at his head, and he was suffered to drink down the deadly potion of oblivion. As soon as Amurath was dead, I appeared to Doubor, who was travelling toward Constantinople, and I commanded him not to take the ring from Zurac, or to reveal the secret to any one, till he should see me again.

“ And now, Doubor,” continued the genius, “ be you the messenger of these happy tidings to Kalasrade, and prepare her heart to receive her lord ; and acquaint her also with the safety of her children, whom Amurath commanded thee to destroy, but whom thou secretly hast preserved, having stained thy innocent hands with the blood of a kid. And, that no consideration may damp your joys, know that Ahud is living, whose failure on the burning island was the consequence of his filial piety. Having passed the whirlpool, and ascended the rocks, he came to the fruitful plain ; and, overjoyed at the sight of the fruits that grew thereon, the duteous youth plucked several, and, folding them in his garments, he descended down the rocks, resolving not to taste them till he had carried them to Sadak his father : but as, through his haste to relieve the fainting Sadak, he neglected to thank Allah for the gift, the evil genii claimed a power over him ; and the cause was debated between our race and the impious genii

before the footstool of Mohammed. Long were the contests of each, and every argument was used which either mercy or malice could suggest ; till at length Mohammed determined that the youth should neither succeed nor be condemned, but that he should be conveyed to the ship of Gehari, which was sailing toward the Othman empire. He therefore shall, if Allah permit, return within the space of a year to his parents' arms ; and, in compassion to the race of the faithful, he shall not ascend to the enjoyments of his brother Codan, till, after thy death, he hath swayed with fame and glory, the Othman sceptre."

Thus spoke the genius Adiram ; and, retiring from the dark cloud, she left the brave Sadak in the royal seraglio, who, after he had assured the fair Zurac that she should enjoy the honours of Amurath's sultana, hastened to meet his beloved.

Doubor, who, in obedience to Adiram, had imparted the glad message to Kalasrade, was presenting her five children to the happy fair-one, when Sadak entered the apartment. The sight of his long-lost children filled the happy father with the liveliest transports, and the honour of his Kalasrade, so happily restored to him, gave new graces to his beauteous consort. They met with tears of joy, running like fountains from their pious eyes ; and, while in silent rapture they hung entwined in each other's arms, their beauteous children knelt around, and bathed their robes with streams of tears.

Conscious that passion had formerly transported them beyond the bounds of reason, they both in secret prayed for Allah's grace to moderate their joy ; and, having borne the trials of adversity, they now strove to obey the sober dictates of calmness and humility. And first, kneeling in the midst of their duteous family, with hearts and eyes uplifted to the

throne of Heaven, they poured forth their pious praises for their Maker's mercies ; then, in modest tenderness, indulged in mutual converse, by turns embracing all their children, and blessing their long-lost offspring ; and with their tears of joy fell some few piteous drops for righteous Codan's loss, and duteous Ahud's absence.

These happy duties finished, the royal Sadak arose and went toward Doubor the faithful eunuch. "Friend of my bosom, and great instrument of all my joy!" said Sadak, embracing him, "not all the monarch of the Othman throne can do for thee can ever repay thy generous services : happy am I to think that Allah will reward thee with the heartfelt pleasure of an approving conscience ; that, Doubor, shall be thy chief reward : for worldly pleasures, command thy Sadak's fortune, the wealth of all my empire is at thy disposal." The beauteous Kalasrade and her children followed the example of Sadak, and all with joy acknowledged Doubor's generous kindness. The good old man, overcome by the affecting scene, in silence lifted up his watery eyes to heaven, then fell at Sadak's feet, and would have kissed his sandals, but the grateful Sadak raised him up, and seated him beside his amiable Kalasrade. Serenity and mildness succeeded in the affectionate interview, where all were happy in each other, and where all acknowledged the source of their happiness in the bounties of Allah.

Erivan, where the author has located this story, was once the capital of Persian Armenia, but in 1828 was ceded to Russia, and included in the government of Georgia. The town is of considerable extent, but contains many gardens ; it is boldly placed on the banks of a river. The

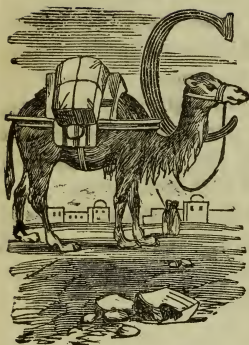
country around has been the scene of many contests, and in the recent war between the Western Powers and Russia, the inhabitants suffered much distress. The base of Mount Ararat is only about seven miles from the town. The neighbourhood is said to be a delightful country; the vallies of Armenia are fertile in grain, tobacco, cotton, hemp, and fruit trees. On the banks of the river Araxes are the ruins of many noble cities, which violence and misrule have destroyed. The investigation of Biblical critics have strengthened the opinion long ascertained, that on Mount Ararat the ark rested on the subsidence of the deluge. The Armenians, who have many religious establishments in the neighbourhood, regard the mountain with intense veneration. Some of the Armenians believe that it was on the spot where the city of Nakschivan, about three leagues from Ararat, Noah first settled when he left the ark, the name being derived from *nak*, a ship, and *schivan*, stopped or settled. Erivan, however, contests this honour with Nakschivan.

The Bosphorus is that narrow strait which unites the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. It is of exceeding beauty, and the shores are lined with splendid buildings, the residences of the wealthy of Constantinople, for its whole length, which is about twenty miles.



VIII.

Hassan.



CONTENTMENT, the only Happiness on Earth, and the subject of the Story of Hassan, may be considered an enforcement of the Tenth Commandment—"Thou shalt not covet."

This tale is another of Dr. Hawkesworth's productions, and the lesson it seeks to impart is, that happiness is not always to be found in worldly possessions, but has its habitation in the hearts of the contented. It arises not from the abundance of outward things, which often brings disquiet, but from the inward frame and disposition of the soul, that thankfully enjoys and prudently acquiesces in whatever portion is allotted. "Thus," St. Paul declares, that "he coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel, but had learned to be content with his own estate." There are many advantages that may arise out of what some may consider an undesirable condition of life, such, for instance, as one whose wants call him to labour; here industry and temperance are the best means for preserving the health of both body and mind. Such a man may have but few friends, but undoubtedly he has fewer enemies; envy and calumny overlook him as one beneath their notice. Now wealth, power, and prosperity, though harmless in themselves, are, to many persons, very pernicious; they bring with them a long train of troublesome attendants, follies, and cares; they teach us to forget "the great concern," and they contract a fondness for the allurements of the world, and by raising our passions and weakening our reason, render us unable to bear even common and trifling disappointments. The creed of the Moslem enforces, even as does that of the Christian, the doctrine of contentment and submission to God's providential care; hence the perfect consistency of Omar's admonition.

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STORY OF HASSAN.

“‘Son of Affliction,’ said Omar, ‘who art thou, and what is thy distress?’”

STORY OF HASSAN.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in Thy will.—R. BLAIR.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Abukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated : the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar ; but such was the abstraction of his mind that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. “ Son of affliction,” said Omar, “ who art thou, and what is thy distress ? ”

“ My name,” replied the stranger, “ is Hassan, and I am a native of this city ; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.” “ To deliver thee,” said Omar, “ belongs to him only from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil ; yet hide not thy life from me ; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.”

Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent : then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

“It is now six years since our mighty lord, the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet as the prophet’s vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency, perceiving that though it was mean, it was neat, and that though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though, by my answers, I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.’

“These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me.

“‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.’ I

answered, 'Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee : life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.' 'Hassan,' he replied, 'I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away : thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety, and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud, and by the delegation of power I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another ; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent : if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition : to exalt thee would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.' He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty, and accused that cheerfulness of folly which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated : I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward ; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost ; and, at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and houris, and waked only to regret the illusions that had

vanished. My health was at length impaired by the iniquitude of my mind: I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

“In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless.

“‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and, if I can remove it, thou art happy.’ I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, ‘Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy: but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?’

“When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him.

“‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character : I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression ; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’ I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle ; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy, and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the Caravensera, in which he lodged ; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio : I was attended by his own servants, my provisions were sent from his own table, and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite ; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited, and no time so well enjoyed as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret ; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

“Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath ; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

“His son Abubeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! the remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return.” Hassan having thus ended his story, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was passed, said, “My son, more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

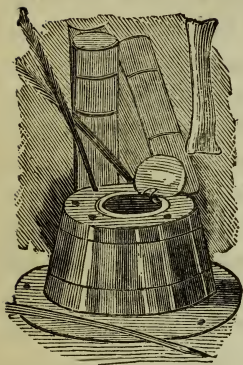
“Thou wert content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee thou wast content with labour and poverty no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and

be thankful for all things : put thy trust in him who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good : fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as a drop in the ocean, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour ; thy food shall again be tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet : to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning : he returned to his labour with cheerfulness ; his devotion became fervent and habitual : and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

The author has placed the location of his narrative at the foot of a mountain near to Mecca. This part of Arabia, which includes the two holy cities, Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed, and Medina, his sepulture, is enclosed by chains of mountains, on which flourish many odoriferous trees and shrubs, the celebrated balsam and gums. As Mecca and Medina are closed against all Mohammedans, and the country around exposed to the ravages of numerous bands of Bedouins, but few Europeans venture to explore it. We do not find a Caliph of the name of Almalic ; Abubeker was the successor of the prophet, and his father-in-law. He lived but two years to enjoy the sovereignty, but in that short time established the dominion of the Arabs over the whole country between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean. Eastern writers praise the almost austere simplicity of his habits and manners, and his entire disregard of the luxuries and even comforts of life ; and so determined was he not to be enriched by his devotion to supreme power, that he was accustomed every Friday to distribute all the surplus of his income to such as he thought worthy of it. May we not say, "Go and do thou likewise."

Jochonan in the City of the Demons.



It is not possible for any other of the vices of mankind to have so deadening an effect on the human heart as avarice—"the last corruption of degenerate man." The prophet Isaiah says—"Woe unto them who join house to house, who lay field to field, until there be no place, that they may be alone in the midst of the world." Never was there a more correct picture of avarice. It is satisfied with no present possession; it is envious while others possess anything; it seeks to remove all others, and would be satisfied only if all the earth were in its possession. Nor would the covetous

man be satisfied then: he would sit down and weep that there was nothing more which he could covet. How different this from that contentment which is produced by religion, the love of justice, and the happiness of others.

This powerful little story is by one whose vigorous pen left records only in the pages of the periodicals of his time. Dr. William Maginn, better known to the world at large as Ensign O'Doherty of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was possessed of a vast store of reading: his thorough knowledge of most of the languages and learning of the East enabled him to clothe his descriptions with Oriental imagery.

The sin of avarice, which is the subject of this tale, is a passion full of paradoxes—a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its poverty, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his troubles. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. It is a vice of old age, for in youth its counterpart is covetousness—the vice of the young being a desire of obtaining, without labour, any of the world's goods, whilst that of the old is greediness for money.

JOCHONAN IN THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

IN days of yore, there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate and strict; but he had one vice—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the Miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the Law, it so happened that the Angel of Death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, “Blessed

be the name of the Lord ! The first good thing that I am asked to do in that holy name, will I perform"—but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper !" said the voice, "awake ! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou may'st do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the Miser, was I sent." Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins—"I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"It is nigh at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "It is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon my arm and fear not."

They journeyed on ; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. " I thought," said he, " I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, " that thou hast not missed the way ;" and his heart misgave him.

" Fear not," returned the stranger. " Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

" Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, " if thus thou sportest with the grey hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head !"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within ; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin*. He was terrified in his soul ; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also

* Demons.

upon the face of his companion, and, behold ! he saw upon him too, the mark that shewed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting ; but he thought it better to be silent ; and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

“Enter here,” said the Demon to Jochonan, “for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber ;” and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed ; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

“I have brought to thee, light of my eyes !” said the Demon, “Rebecca, beloved of my soul, I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office ; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart.”

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi ; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said :—

“Unhappy man that thou art ! knowest thou where thou hast been brought ?”

“I do,” said he, with a heavy groan : “I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin.”

“Know then, further,” said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, “know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost.” And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed:—

“Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?”

“I am a Hebrew woman,” said she, “the daughter of a Doctor of the Laws in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazakin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory) should be done: and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons, and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself.”

“I swear, before Heaven,” said the Rabbi, “that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked stedfastly according to the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful.”

“Nay,” said the lady, “all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape.”

“What is that? O lady of beauty!” said the agonized Rabbi.

“Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here, and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere.”

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying :—

“Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day ; and I will eat not, neither will I drink.”

“Be it as thou pleasest,” said the Demon, “I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow :” and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, leading into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of the Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said :—

“Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past ;” and he set meat before him.

“Pardon again thy servant, my lord,” said Jochonan, “in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant.”

“I am not angry,” said the Demon, “be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow :” and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone be-

hind the hills, the prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said :—

“Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine ;” and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered :—

“Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow.”

“Be it so then,” said the other ; “arise, and follow me.”

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver—floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

“Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi,” said the Demon—“take of these what thou pleasest ; aye, were it the whole.”

“I cannot, my lord,” said Jochonan. “I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God, and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward.”

“Follow me,” said the Prince of the Mazikin ; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon the golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden

coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

“These are thine,” said the Demon; “one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would make thee the richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all.”

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes; for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noon-day sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon’s egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever-living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

“Thou knowest me then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David,” said the Prince of the Mazikin; “I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous? You



CITY OF DEMONS.

" 'These are thine,' said the Demon ; ' one of these vessels would make thee the richest of the sons of men, and I give thee them all ' "

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have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers; the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment, without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand—"thou may'st depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the Miser!"

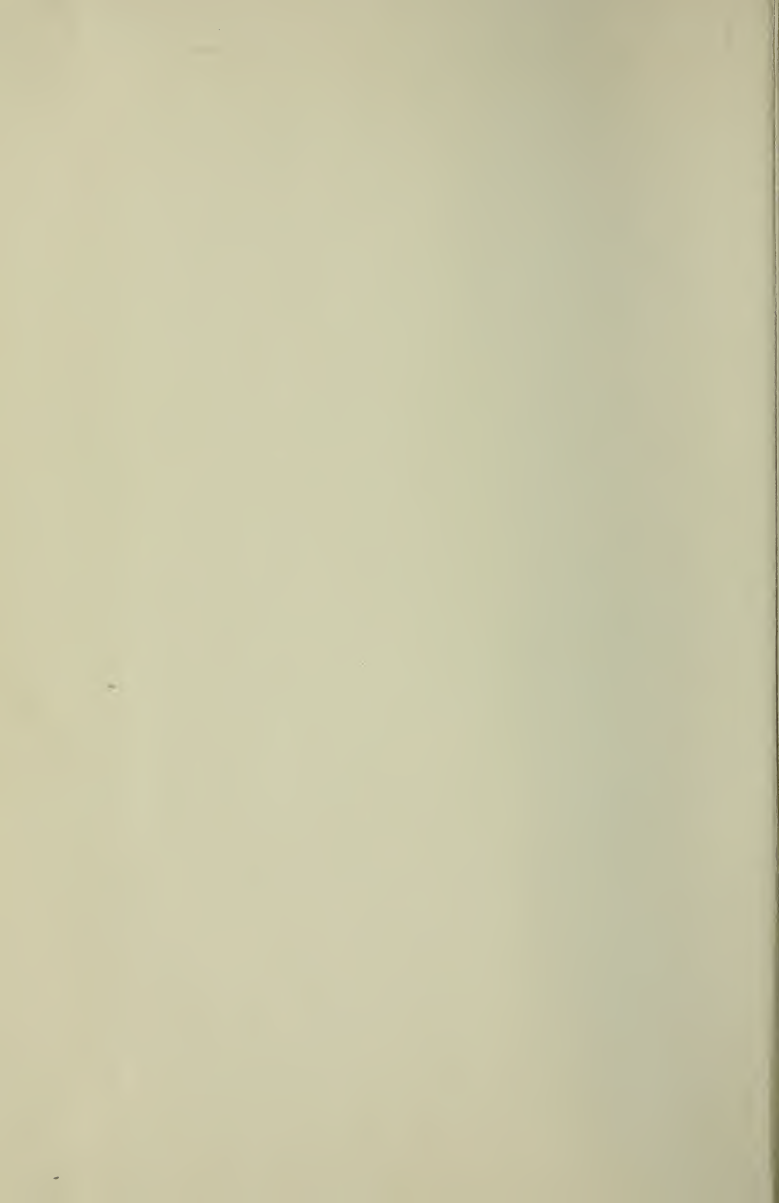
The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered

thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence; and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

“But people wondered, and said, “Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?” And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down by the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year, according to the lesser computation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou may'st learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.



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